TEN CENTS A COPY

The Critic as Philosopher, by Irwin Edman, on page 990

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME VI — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1930 — NUMBER 40

Notes of a Rapid Reader

Seven Horizons. By Charles J. Finger. Doubleday, Doran.

MR. FINGER reveals himself in this autobiography as Wordsworth's man of "cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows." Born into the Britain of bustles and antimacassars, when "muscular Christianity" was a creed, and the welfare of the workingman an emerging social issue, he became when still a youth part and parcel of that intellectual stir and political agitation which lent so sharp an eagerness to a life now too often mirrored as merely smug. The zest for experience, the keen sympathy for what was brewing in the world of thought and action, and the capacity for friendship which early brought him into intimacy with men and women of importance remained with Mr. Finger through the years that carried him to many widely separated lands. His book is romantic biography in the sense that it reflects life through the eyes of one who adventured steadily in the emprise of his fellows, who saw much, enjoyed much, and bestowed much, and who still today in full middle age continues to attack living with guesto. It is a spirited and colorful chronicle, shot through with description of places and persons, and always zestful and animated.

Evelina. By Frances Burney. Edited by Sir Frank D. Mackinnon. Oxford University Press.

Here brave in a new dress, lavishly furnished with prints from contemporary sources, with elaborate notes and appendices, is the novel which roused more enthusiasm than any other which had followed "Clarissa Harlowe," that won the plaudits of Burke, Johnson, and Reynolds upon its appearance, and the enthusiasm of Macaulay at a later day, which may be regarded as one of the progenitors of the modern novel of manners, and which still remains, for all the quaintly antiquated formality of its dialogue, a lively, sprightly, and entertaining portrayal of society. Miss Burney had an observant eye, an apt sense for the foibles and "humors" of the world about her, a fluent pen, and at least in "Evelina" a simplicity and naturalness of manner that lend to her chronicle a lifelike and engaging character. Those who have not as yet made the acquaintance of a novel which in its day could keep a Burke engrossed all night over its pages would do well to add this attractive edition to their library.

Blue Rhine-Black Forest. By Louis Untermeyer. Harcourt, Brace.

Prospective travelers to Germany will find in this small volume much material that the ordinary guidebook contains together with considerable other matter which the handbook of travel usually omits. Mr. Untermeyer is a poet, and the beautiful appeals to him in the detail that might be expected to catch the eye of one of his craft. He writes with enthusiasm and yet with sufficient specific allusion to make his book a useful *vade mecum* for the traveler who would read as he runs.

The Door. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Farrar & Rinehart.

Those who are familiar with earlier detective stories by Mrs. Rinehart will know that they can expect to find in this latest tale from her pen a mystery novel that is well constructed, well sustained, and told with ease and grace. Mrs. Rinehart is always adept in baffling the readers who would guess the end of her yarns, and if in this particular instance she rather strains credulity by the resolution of her complications, and creates the impression of having herself been put at a disadvantage by her plot, yet her tale until its very end remains both puzzling and interesting.

Grace Without Meat

(*Tuscan Style*)

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

GOD of the grape whose bubbles are taught
To make flesh of the sun,
Lord of the olive tree whose thought
Brings oil out of the stone,

Father of fig and orange trees
That laugh to bear their load,
Forgive us all our trespasses
On thy too-tempting road.

And though thy children will be fed
On what the Lord decrees,
Give us this day our daily bread—
And wine and fruit and cheese.

This Week

"Human Speech."
Reviewed by GEORGE PHILIP KRAPP.

"Robots or Men?"
Reviewed by MELVIN P. LEVY.

"Who Moved the Stone?"
Reviewed by BERNARD IDDINGS BELL.

"California."
Reviewed by HERBERT INGRAM PRIESTLEY.

"Rutherford B. Hayes."
Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD.

"The Adventures of Mario."
Reviewed by HARRY ESTY DOUNCE.

"The Anatomy of Melancholy."
By ARTHUR COLTON.

"Five Generations."
Reviewed by MARY CASS CANFIELD.

"Kindness in a Corner."
Reviewed by STANLEY WENT

"Soviet Russia."
Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL.

"John Knox."
Reviewed by EDWIN R. GOODENOUGH.

The Bowling Green.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Arthur Bainbridge Peet.
By LEE WILSON DODD.

"Wings of Sunset."
Reviewed by LIONEL STEVENSON.

The Wits' Weekly.
Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON.

Next Week, or Later

American English, or The English Language?
By WILLIAM A. CRAIGIE.

The Ocean of Language

HUMAN SPEECH. By SIR RICHARD PAGET. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1930. $6.

Reviewed by GEORGE PHILIP KRAPP
Columbia University

THE extraordinary interest of this book, the most stimulating work on speech that has appeared in a very long time, lies in its combination of technical exactness with speculative boldness. Sir Richard Paget is an experimentalist of remarkable native skill and patience, and above all, a disinterested scientist. A technical discussion of the physics of speech, such as is contained in the early chapters of this book, is naturally not always easy to follow. But Sir Richard leads his readers so gently by the hand that before they know it, they will find themselves swimming confidently in waters they would never have thought of entering of their own will. The book is important, therefore, not merely to the physicist, but as the author intended it to be, to phoneticians, linguists, public speakers, musicians, to organ builders and manufacturers of automobile horns, in fact to all persons interested in the practical applications of human speech or to the extension of human speech to other forms of sound which may take on added interest or value when they are made to suggest or to reproduce the sounds of human speech.

The fundamental position of the book is that human speech, in its essentials, is an impression of musical sound produced upon the ear by the resonances or vibrations of air within the cavity of the mouth. By exclusion, therefore, the vocal chords are not a necessary organ in the production of speech. This is proved by the fact that all speech sounds can be whispered without destroying their recognizable character. Indeed in Sir Richard's opinion whispered speech is the primitive and elemental form of speech. What the vocal chords do is to supplement this elemental whispered speech by giving it added volume and carrying power and by giving it an emotional color, as in song, which is possible to this simple physical organ, but less so to the complexer arrangements by which sound is modified in the oral cavity. Vowels and consonants, therefore, according to this definition, are musical resonances made in the cavity of the mouth, ordinarily by the vibrations of exhaled air, though they can be made just as effectively by inhaled air.

* * *

No inconsiderable part of the author's experiments has been taken up with the endeavor to reproduce mechanically the sounds of speech. To those who have heard them, the results of these experiments have been both amusing and astonishing. To hear a set of tubes speak like a human being is to say the least surprising, and at first disconcerting. It seems to take away somewhat from the dignity of man as the speaking animal. But of course the author's purpose in these experiments is neither to amuse nor to astonish. His purpose is to determine so precisely the manner of production of human speech that the sounds of this speech may be called forth at will by means of a mechanism which reproduces human speech because the mechanism repeats the conditions under which human speech operates. When these mechanical devices are then phrased in terms of mathematical science, they provide a method of terminology and description for indicating sounds

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

far in advance, from the point of view of exactness, of our present crude alphabetic devices, whether phonetic or otherwise. Sir Richard, indeed, foresees the time when all trained teachers and students of speech will be able to designate and describe the sounds they wish to discuss by means of exact musical notation and mathematical formulas.

The speculative parts of "Human Speech" are perhaps more debatable but no less stimulating than those describing the author's physical experiments. It is refreshing to find a scholar so little burdened by the weight of traditional learning and of historical linguistics that he has no fear of the troubled question of the origin of language. For after all, human speech must have had an origin, and among the cultural developments of the human species, probably a comparatively recent origin. In brief, Sir Richard's theory is that language originated as a form of lingual gesture, at first without any accompaniment of sound. Just as an inexpert person now screws his face and twists his tongue when he engages in the unfamiliar activity of writing with his hands, so primitive man accompanied all his actions by appropriate positions of the tongue which corresponded to and descriptively represented the actions which they accompanied. In the beginning these tongue gestures served no purpose of communication but merely supplemented, perhaps clarified and aided the activities of these primitive predecessors of speaking mankind. In vigorous action, however, breath naturally issues from the lungs and through the oral cavity, and this breath would of necessity be modified variously as the lingual gestures varied to correspond to different actions. Oral sound thus resulted as a by-product, one may say, of the lingual gesture. Primitive man then made the important discovery that this oral sound, as the equivalent of the lingual gesture and this in turn as the equivalent of the action, could stand for the action, could be in short the name of the action. The importance of this discovery lay in the fact that oral sound could now indicate actions through hearing, with a vastly increased gain in the variety and flexibility of expression.

* * *

This notion of a close connection between lingual gesture and action of the hands and body is by no means new, as Sir Richard Paget himself is well aware. Plato played with the theory in his "Cratylus," but he seems to have regarded the theory rather as an exercise of the fancy than as something to be proved. Perhaps this should still be our attitude towards it. For very obvious doubts arise as soon as one attempts to apply the theory in detail. An ingenious person can always find some meaning to correspond to a tongue gesture, but the appropriateness of these meanings is not always inevitable. In making the sound of *th*, voiced and voiceless, says Sir Richard, "the tongue tip seems to stroke the palate and back of the upper (front) teeth and the consequent meaning is that of smearing, kneading, etc." By similar reasoning, the consonant *l*, which is assumed to have been made by primitive man with the tongue protruded and touching the front of the upper lip, "appears to be a phallic tongue gesture of which the receptive counterpart was *ka* or *kam*—also meaning love." Perhaps it is not fair to pick out single instances in this way, since the argument does not rest upon a few, but upon hundreds of illustrations. But weak examples obviously do not strengthen the argument, nor in fact do examples selected widely from Aryan roots, from Chinese, Arawak, Sumerian, Polynesian languages and elsewhere add greatly to its weight. The ocean of human speech is so vast that an industrious angler can always fish up analogies from it here and there to support almost any theory. It would be much more to the point to prove that the basic origins of a single language as a whole, for example of Anglo-Saxon, are explainable by the theory of lingual gesture.

But after all the value of these speculations on primitive speech does not depend upon the possibility of demonstrating beyond question the manner of the origin of human speech. The present and future applications of speech are of much greater importance than any theoretical questions of origin, and certainly one must agree with Sir Richard as to the advisability of paying more attention than we are now doing to the exact and effective articulation of the sounds of our speech. Sir Richard notes that "phoneticians appear cheerfully to accept every result of slovenly articulation as a new and interesting addition to their collection of sounds of the spoken language." But Sir Richard is no friend to slovenly English. He contrasts our present attitude towards speech with our attitude towards music. "In the case of music it is easy to see that the attitude of indifference to technique would be fatal. The great works of the masters would have to be revised and simplified so that all differences of execution were avoided—all music would then be such that any child could play any of it without difficulty. Music would, in fact, have reached its second childhood"—a state which speech is perilously approaching. The hope for the future, as Sir Richard sees it, lies in more extended scientific knowledge of the nature of speech and more effective rational control of speech as a practical activity. The world still distrusts rational control of speech, and it moves slowly in the one as in the other of these two directions, but they seem nevertheless to be assured as the lines of further progress. It is a great undertaking to which the author of "Human Speech" has set his hand, nothing less than the old task of Bacon of extending "the bounds of Human Empire," and a practicable program for putting his experiments and observations into fruitful application is not yet in sight. But it is just such knowledge as is presented in this book that will make the next forward steps possible.

Travel Among the Machines

ROBOTS OR MEN? By H. DUBREUIL. Translated by FRANCES and MASON MERRILL. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1930. $3.

Reviewed by MELVIN P. LEVY

THE author of "Robots or Men?" is described as a French mechanic who, having risen to a high place in the labor organizations of his own country, came to the United States to make a study of our industrialization as it relates to the worker, and with a view to its adaptation to French economy. With this end in view he entered the United States as an immigrant and spent his time here as a workman, chiefly in the automobile plants to which his status as an expert machinist gave him ready access. His work, therefore, and because of its quasi-official publication in the present translation (under the auspices of the Taylor Society), has a significance beyond that of the usual traveler's book, which succeeds sufficiently as it reveals the personality of its writer and has done its duty if it is amusing, frank, or wittily perspicacious. M. Dubreuil's work has a serious scientific duty in which, unfortunately, it does not succeed.

"I traveled about the country under exactly the same conditions as an American worker," says the writer. But he plainly did nothing of the sort. He traveled as a student; and it is not even clear in one or two incidents that his employers were not sufficiently aware of his mission to give it special aid. It is also important that M. Dubreuil made his tour of American factories during the few months of the boom period of 1927; he draws all his generalities from his personal observations. Obviously enough, such generalizations can mean little. In the face of such a rapid economic shift as has occurred in our industries within the last few months (by which means they are presented with a pæan in praise of labor policies which simultaneously struggle helplessly with widespread unemployment) M. Dubreuil's deductions become almost humorously inadequate. Even more striking are his statements concerning skilled labor and the possibilities of employment under all circumstances.

While the present study was being made in Detroit the Ford plant was in the process of changing its production facilities to take care of the modernized model. The very striking effects of the consequent unemployment, together with the latterly proved unjustified and wasteful expansion by certain competitors, are recognized by students of economy as illustrating one of the gravest faults of the present method of industrial organization. M. Dubreuil pays a certain recognition to this state of affairs when he notes that even street railway companies were hit during this time. But he also notes that he was able to get a place as a die maker. And the latter fact outweighs the former in his mind. The same unusual circumstance also leads this writer to conclude of American rationalized industry in general, and especially of the Ford plants, that speed is a minor consideration and that skilled labor and the handicrafts generally are at a premium. This is so inaccurate that Robert Dunn, in his excellent study, "Labor and Automobiles," was able to quote Mr. Ford himself as saying that eighty-five per cent of the tasks in his plants can be learned in less than one month and that only one per cent of them require a year to master.

M. Dubreuil finds it possible to deal in the same easy fashion with technological unemployment. This, the process by which machine efficiency increases so rapidly that a very excess of wealth throws thousands of men permanently out of employment every year, is one of the most difficult problems with which business engineers and economists have to deal. Eventually, of course, it means the radical shortening of the work day and work week. But because machine efficiency does not increase with equal rapidity in all industries; because there is no regular rate for such increase, and because there is no means for the centralized coördination of industries, there can be no very close or rapid relationship between the shortening of the work period and the need for it. This, which leads to a tendency toward sudden overproduction and underemployment, and which creates unpredictable and vastly complicated business cycles, sometimes appears to threaten the very process of technical advancement.

The present author, however, finds a ready solution for the whole problem in the willingness of the American employer to "*try it* immediately"—"it" may be almost anything. This, while it undoubtedly illustrates goodwill and excellent intentions, is a dangerous and unscientific process. While we are "trying it" almost any calamity may occur without control or even understanding.

"Robots or Men?" indicates the need for a general study along the path which it does not even approximately follow. Unfortunately its interest as a purely travel book is marred by an introduction, written by the managing director of The Taylor Society and ecstatic to the point of embarrassment.

The Resurrection

WHO MOVED THE STONE? By FRANK MORISON. New York: The Century Company. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by BERNARD IDDINGS BELL
St. Stephen's College

THE publishers of this book send with it to reviewers a two-page letter, marked "Important!" explaining that the book is "without precedent," that it is "not a religious book," that it has "the clarity and suspense of a popular mystery story," and so on. This sales-promotive epistle is not merely in questionable taste but is also misleading. The book is not in the least like a mystery story; it does deal with an event of profound religious significance; and there are plenty of works published on highly similar lines.

This publicity racket is all the more to be regretted, because the book itself is a competent, dignified, and helpful piece of work. Mr. Morison has made a popular, but scholarly restatement of the results of critical study of the extant records of the resurrection of Jesus Christ. He has done for this what Lord Charnwood did for the Gospel of St. John, made a book for the man in the street, who wants the results of criticism—sound and modern—without puzzling critical apparatus and terminology.

The book was needed. Publications of the expert critics of the New Testament and of New Testament times are of necessity unread, and in part unreadable, by most people. The most popular treatises on religion, most of them quite unscholarly, have led many persons to suppose that there is in existence no real evidence for the physical resurrection of Jesus, but only a parcel of old wives' tales. As a matter of fact, if one looks at the whole problem with entire dispassion, there seems hardly an event in ancient history as well authenticated, one for which the evidence is as probable. The argument that no such event took place is entirely *a priori*, derived from the assumption that "miracles do not happen." Whatever force there be to such *a priori* reasoning, at least people have a right to know that out of a critical examination more searching than that ever given to another alleged event of ancient times has come a realization that the facts, in so far as they are ascertainable, are for the physical resurrection rather than against it.

This Mr. Morison has straightforwardly, modestly, and uncontroversially made clear in his book. There is for the trained critic nothing new in the volume except one guess—and it pretends to be only a guess—about the experience of the Temple Guard set over Christ's tomb on the night before Easter. That suggestion is extremely interesting. But while the critics will not be greatly informed by Mr. Morison's book, the general public will find it illuminating as well as interesting.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Western History

CALIFORNIA. Los Angeles: The Powell Publishing Company. 1929-30. 9 vols. $5 each.

Reviewed by HERBERT INGRAM PRIESTLEY
University of California

THE genus *Californiana* is a hardy perennial, but this is the first species to be evolved as a collaborative effort by a group almost exclusively of Southern California writers. Several of them have had experience and training in the north, but only two are not now residents of the "metropolitan area" of the south. Nearly all of them are of established reputation in research or teaching in Western history.

But this series is not quite a history, though the genetic treatment prevails, the intent being to present a general survey of the chief elements of California's colorful individuality. There is, indeed, a studied effort to avoid the appearance of stilted erudition, footnoting and citation being reduced to the minimum, lest the avid seeker after information be scared away by such props to authority. So too, these very well-known professors are deprived of their academic handles, and fare forth like Haroun-al-Raschid o' nights, to stand on their own as free lances in the literary circumjacence. No bad thing for my professorial friends, but I still have enough faith in the reading public to believe that it does not discredit historians because of their methods and paraphernalia.

Some of the prefaces indicate that the writers have felt qualms of modesty at launching upon the sea of popularity, and they have included bibliographies and appendices to buttress their psychic dislocation in the new *milieu*. These accoutrements are excellent, but for the popular reader needlessly prolix; and professional students will seek such aids in the professional writings.

The hand of the publisher is seen in various extrinsic devices; bindings, end-papers, illustrations, and so on are uniform, and the treatment is basically informative and encyclopædic. The volumes are not numbered, and each is complete in itself, so that the Californiac may lug home one or the nine, as the spirit moves, with no sense of disloyalty or incompleteness.

Notwithstanding this feature, there is a chronological sequence, even in sugar-coated history. Robert Glass Cleland in "Pathfinders" begins the series with the coming of the pioneers, from Rodríguez Cabrillo in the 1540's to our John C. Frémont. It is of course a well-beaten path for the last half-century; and if Dean Cleland treads it all again without *élan*, there is no lack of detention and completeness in each chosen vignette. Explorers, missionaries, fur-sealers, trappers, adventurers, follow each other in a continuing pageant replete with human interest and philosophic interpretation. An appendix contains a valuable, freshly printed source, "The Narrative of Benjamin D. Wilson," a pioneer statement, collected in 1877, by the tireless H. H. Bancroft for use in his "History of the Pacific Slope."

* * *

Cleland and his collaborator, Dr. Osgood Hardy, also present the seventh volume, "The March of Industry." The authors essay to describe "the material progress of California . . . as accurately and dispassionately as possible, avoiding loose generalizations and wilful exaggeration." Just what a passionate portrayal of material progress would be like, guess you; but as for absence of wilful exaggeration, all the world knows that no Californian is capable of abstention from this great Western outdoor sport; when we tell the unvarnished truth the Eastern cousin knows we are lying, but swallows our "wilful" fairy tales with eyes all popping. The volume begins with the economic activities of the old Franciscan missions, goes on to the advent of the foreign intruders in trade, and then presents mining industry, agriculture, water-power, forestry, and finance. A pretty good bite for two historians, here turned economists in the best moods of Cronise and Hittell, from the latter of whom is excerpted the shameful story of the American spoliation of the early Spanish and Mexican land grants. Our incipient imperialism of the 'fifties reflected the last phase of our bare-faced land-hunger, and it was well enough to let an eye-witness of legal training tell the story. "The March of Industry" contains a wealth of statistical material from many official sources, and many maps of California resources. The volume epitomizes all the wizardry of the combination of mild climate, varied resource, and abounding human energy working under free political conditions.

To return to chronology: in "Spanish Arcadia" Mrs. Nellie V. Sánchez is happy in description of idyllic mission days and cattle ranchos. Emphasis is on the human element, the social, not the political, process. In spite of the fact that some of our founders of California pueblos were Aztec Indians and halfbreed negroes, there was a selective process in culling even these pioneers; they had to be fit physically to survive the coming and the settling. In their outdoor life, with beef for breakfast, dinner, and supper, their rather simple and wholesome amusements, the "Californio's" began the breeding of larger physical specimens; Mrs. Sánchez finds, contrary to general belief, that some of the Spaniards and Mexicans of this old Arcadia actually worked with their hands! It was not all gambling and smuggling and lassoing and praying. And even here, where health dilates the lungs with every inhalation, there was an interesting development of medical practice; there are good chapters, *con amore*, of

View of San Francisco from Telegraph Hill, from a woodblock by Betty Lark
(Courtesy of William Edwin Rudge.)

Spanish family life, amusements, and customs, which Mrs. Sánchez is sanguine enough to hope will inform our weedy crop of California novelists who want local color without having lived any of it. May they also learn here proper spelling, and the use and accentuation of Spanish words and phrases, symptomatic of a first identification with the imaginary glamor in which they make our old padres and rancheros live and move.

Owen C. Coy in the "Great Trek" recites the story of the coming of the 'Forty-Niners. The volume abounds in quotations from diaries of participants in the historic movement; numerous maps show the old trails. Preliminary to this volume is the same author's "Gold Days." Dr. Coy examines the evidence concerning the disputed date of the gold discovery, and follows the expansion of the diggings, and the impromptu organization of social and legal existence in them, with pictures of red-shirted miners at work washing gold, of the enforcement of crude justice, and mushroom towns under easy-money conditions; of course San Francisco is pictured too, in the high-pitched life of the gambling-room and speculation. There is a good account of our preparation for entering the Union as a free state, and intimate stories of the beginnings of the theatre, early church life, and other symptoms of stabilization.

Rockwell D. Hunt and William S. Ament, authors of "Oxcart to Airplane," trace the evolution of transportation and communication in its effect upon the growth of this rim o' the world. Dr. Hunt studies land transportation, beginning with the trails and the pack, then the railroads, telegraph, telephone, and motor, with a final take-off into the empire of the air. Some of the generalizations would fit Iowa as well as California, but it is a difficult task at best, and well done. Dr. Ament follows the sea-approaches, the evolution of ships, and navigation. Of necessity this volume goes over much that is in early volumes, but repetition is avoided by use of varying sources.

Harold Child Bryant's "Outdoor Heritage" gives the tourist and vacationist an idea of our geology and topography and their effect on life zones, past and present. We go down to the asphalt beds of Rancho la Brea, and swing in the pine-tops with John Muir in his "Summer in the Sierras." Dr. Bryant covers all phases of the nature-lover's interest and treats them authoritatively, but with a nostalgic plaintiveness here and there, for he would rather be in the field teaching and seeing than at a desk telling about it.

Old Adam Promoter comes nearest to his own in Frank J. Taylor's "Land of Homes." All the cities and towns of the state are marshalled one by one, each with its especial trait and excellence. Los Angeles, for instance and with the author's wholehearted approval, is bitten by the bug of biggerness for betterment. They spend a million a year in advertising for "colonists," and now having achieved a million inhabitants, have used up all of Owen's River and must bring in the Colorado for water and power; by doing so they will provide for ten millions, and will of course then be ten times happier. Arizona will encourage them to preëmpt all the water. Not a doubt, Monterey, quaint old town, avers Mr. Taylor, may stay as she is, not growing at all. But San Francisco he finds altogether unlike anything else in California, mostly because it has no gardens. Even Golden Gate Park is left out of the index. Most of us who have lived in both parts of the State think that the old traditional California is to be found rather in the north than the south, and that it is Los Angeles rather than San Francisco which is "unlike California." Repetitious features mar the book because most of the special characteristics are first ascribed to the metropolitan area, and again to their own locality. The account of Californian art by Arthur Millier is readable.

A later and much looked-forward-to volume on California literature and authorship by Edwin Markham will complete the series. The volumes are uniformly illustrated by modernistic block drawings by Franz Geritz, Virginia de S. Litchfield, Howard Simon, and Aries Fayer.

The First Modern President

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES, STATESMAN OF REUNION. By H. J. ECKENRODE, assisted by POCAHONTAS WILSON WIGHT. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD

THE career of President Hayes is not one over which historians or biographers can easily become enthusiastic. Hayes's personality was not interesting and his life was not dramatic. The circumstances that attended his choice as President called for a colorless and essentially "safe" candidate, and he fulfilled the modest requirements satisfactorily, but nothing that he said as President is remembered, and time has not added the tradition of greatness to anything that he did. Yet the four years of his Presidency, marking as they did the close of one historical period and the beginning of another, were characterized on his part by a combination of good sense, friendliness, and political enlightenment that stood the country in good stead. If he was in no way a distinguished President, he was at least a very useful one, particularly so in the peculiar conditions which he had to meet, and his work was worth reviewing now that it can be examined in the perspective of fifty years.

The present biography is the first of a series entitled "American Political Leaders" which Professor Allan Nevins has projected, and which promises "a thorough, scholarly, and interesting biographical treatment of all the prominent political leaders in the United States from 1860 to the present day." Considering the pervading drabness of large parts of the subject, the authors (Dr. Eckenrode appears to have written the bulk of the book) have dressed the narrative in an unusually lively style, but while few opportunities to characterize an actor or an event by striking phrase or comment have been allowed to pass, the work is sound, sensible, and impressive.

Nothing suggestive of distinction is to be found in Hayes's early years. "Something of the flavor of aristocracy" is noted as attaching to his family, but the flavor was faint, and the boy grew to manhood with little to mark him off from other early Ohio products except, perhaps, a lack of interest in religion joined to a useful habit of attending church. He studied at Kenyon College, then at the Harvard Law School, was admitted to the bar in 1845, removed in 1850 to Cincinnati where he presently married, became a Republican without cherishing any special concern over slavery, and interested himself mildly in the temperance movement which was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

making headway in various parts of the country. When the Civil War came on he enlisted, was made a major, later a colonel, and eventually one of the thousand or more brigadier-generals, was wounded at the battle of South Mountain, looked with disfavor upon the destruction of property by Union troops but approved Sherman's vandalism in Georgia as a "glorious course," and came out of the army in 1865 as a local hero to enter the House of Representatives as one of the Ohio delegation.

Hayes's attitude in Congress was, in the main, indicative of his attitude throughout his political career. "A man so tolerant and sane as Hayes," Dr. Eckenrode remarks, was "out of place" in a Congress which was dominated by Thaddeus Stevens, "and he knew it. But he took care to say little. He did not like the policy of vengeance, but he realized that he could do nothing to check it and he had no intention of offering himself a sacrifice on the altar of reconciliation; he was not in the least a martyr, lacking convictions in the first place and possessing the instinct of self-preservation in the second." In 1867 he was elected governor of Ohio, served two terms, campaigned for Grant in 1872 and swallowed without undue nausea the misdeeds of one of the most corrupt administrations the United States has known, was again elected governor, and in 1876, with a few homely virtues, no obvious vices, and a record of party regularity, was given the Republican nomination for President.

The history of the disputed election has already been ably written by Haworth, and Dr. Eckenrode does not add anything of importance to the story. It was, he thinks, "a comparatively honest election," mainly, it would seem, because campaign funds were small and "bribery was not prominent." He finds something "hypocritical" in the common attitude of the country today toward the decision which gave the election to Tilden, reminding us that Hayes "was as much entitled to his seat as some other Presidents" and that "our elections, especially our presidential elections, are all too often a triumph of bribery and fraud." Nevertheless, the decision was "fortunate" because "it was high time to heal the Southern sore." The only way to heal it was to withdraw the Federal troops from the South. Hayes, although bitterly blamed, could do this because he was "a Republican and a Union soldier. There was no taint of 'treason' about him." If Tilden had done it, "a political struggle of unexampled bitterness would have ensued" even if there had been no war.

* * *

The record of the Hayes administration, too, is for the most part familiar history. Fortunately for Hayes, Thaddeus Stevens was dead and the vicious gang of radical Republicans had been shorn of some of its strength, but there were still enemies to be dealt with, and there was a Democratic Congress. Hayes steered his course firmly and wisely. He withdrew military support from the remaining artificial State governments in the South, struck hard at patronage and prepared the way for a civil service system, cleaned out the notorious Indian Bureau and the New York Custom House, maintained the sound money stand which he had taken in 1875, vetoed the Bland free coinage bill and the bill for Chinese exclusion, and courageously used troops to end the great railway strike in 1877. He was not a candidate for re-election in 1880, although Dr. Eckenrode sees him as regretting retirement. For the remainder of his life he interested himself in various good causes, notably prison reform, thereby, as has been said, setting an example of what an ex-President may do.

Dr. Eckenrode recognizes in Hayes "the first modern President." Although he lived in the period of slavery and the Civil War he did not belong to it; his place, rather, was with the new generation that was "looking ahead to the business expansion of the United States rather than backward to sectional feuds." Elected as a Republican under extraordinary circumstances, "he was actually more of a Democrat than a Republican." It is not clear, from anything in these pages, that he penetrated very far into the thought and policy of the future to which Dr. Eckenrode assigns him, and if he is to be classed in any sense as a Democrat it is, apparently, only because, once he was in power, he realized that the end of Republican ruthlessness was at hand and that race equality in the South was not to be. His great service was in helping the country to settle down. It was not in the nature of things that such a service should be brilliant, but for the temper in which he performed it he is entitled, as his biographers have shown, to grateful remembrance.

Wildwood Beauty

THE ADVENTURES OF MARIO. By WALDEMAR BONSELS. Translated by Whittaker Chambers. New York: Albert & Charles Boni. 1930. $3.

Reviewed by HARRY ESTY DOUNCE

A SURPRISE awaits readers who, knowing little or nothing of Waldemar Bonsels, look into this book under the impression that it is a mere nature juvenile. I did so, and found it so much more as to amount to a considerable work of art—in all but form, a poem, and I am tempted to say, a symphonic one. There is certainly a story of a boy in a forest and his adventures among its birds and beasts: of his flight to it, after the death of his mother, from the prospect of an orphanage; of the harboring and nurture that he gets from a queer old woman hermit, Dommelfei; of his eventual adoption by a beautiful lady from a castle. But dissolved in the story are measures of original philosophy and intuitive psychology, as well as a remarkable knowledge of wild nature. The underlying conception is of the mothering of the orphaned boy to manliness by Nature herself, a mother neither Spartan nor indulgent, whom Dommelfei—brusque and contemptuous, even cruel from a sentimental viewpoint, yet tender, "often at war with the world," yet very wise, if oracular—more or less personifies. And at the bottom of that conception, and of every important detail of its working out, there is true imagination, authentic, unartificed fantasy. The whole has a grave, wildwood beauty; a sane mysticism pervades it, and a dream light is over it.

An equal surprise must be in store, I should think, for readers who know Bonsels, as I did not—but do now, by his "The Adventures of Maya the Bee," a delightful translation of which was brought out some years ago. For "Mario" and "Maya" are about as unlike as two books by the same author could be, when both were tales based upon nature lore and, ostensibly, at least, told for children. Their features in common are the unusual loveliness of Bonsels's landscape painting, and the fondness that he evidently has for representing the quick mustering of a fiery courage, with the rallying of pride, in a sensitive being after the shock of a deadly peril. The best example of the former in "Maya" is the moonlit midsummer night; of the latter, the reactions of Maya when caught in the spider's web. Fully a dozen pictures in "Mario" are as charming as that night scene, besides their being richer and more deliberate, and being integral parts of the poetic symphony. And in the collaring of Mario by a forester, at two or three junctures of his feud with a tree-marten, and in his encounter with a wolf hound, there are really stirring moments of such drama within the spirit as that spider's-web episode sketches.

* * *

In this connection it occurs to me to note that two of the boy's adventures cause him inner turmoils which are much more complex and distinctive, and one of which strikes me as being quite a psychological achievement on his creator's part. These are his agony of remorse after shooting a fawn—an agony that is orchestrated with a thunderstorm, and is finally assuaged by Nature-Dommelfei's hardy common sense; and a conflict that he feels, and resolves, when the deadliness of an adder has strangely obsessed him. It is the chapter about the adder that I think is the special achievement: an ore from a deep vein of personal memory and insight.

Nothing of that sort is in "Maya," where there is no place for it. "Maya" is a fanciful, playful thing, easy to classify, describable by references to a number of young-and-old favorites. It has its brief resemblances to Hans Christian Andersen, to "Water Babies," to Maeterlinck, and to Kenneth Grahame. Alice's Caterpillar is a relative of some of the ill-natured bugs in it; its fable takes airy turns in the direction of a satire like that in "Chantecler"; it may owe a direct though trivial debt to Kipling's beehive allegory. Flower-sprites figure in it, and without them it would still be a fairy tale. As a juvenile, it is for a wider range of types of bright children, and for decidedly younger children, than "Mario."

Not only is "Mario" of a wholly different *genre*, but I know of but two "classics" that can be mentioned in an effort to characterize it. One, Selma Lagerlof's "Nils," is almost useless for the purpose; similiarities end with the fact that "Nils" also runs to leisurely description and atmosphere and embodies a great deal of information—which, however, becomes educational, as in "Mario" it never does. The other, and the obvious recourse, is the Mowgli cycle in the "Jungle Books." Here, too, comparison must be somewhat far-fetched, since "Mario" is not fabulous—the beasts don't talk or fraternize, and almost everything is kept within the limits of the plausible and natural. Moreover, when Mario takes refuge in his fir forest he is nearly twelve years old, so that much of the interest of his story is in his gradual wonting and attunement to the wild; that, of course, has no counterpart in the case of the wolf-suckled Mowgli. Even so, there are comparable aspects. Tranquil as "Mario" appears, it is frequently intense and occasionally exciting, yet no part of it begins to have, for me, the sheer story-teller's magic of all the Mowgli tales. A word on the two endings may suggest the regards in which Bonsels is, temperamentally, Kipling's inferior: Well done though Mario's final, beatific foster mother, the lady from the castle, may be, she is nevertheless reminiscent somehow of the beauteous ladies of the brothers Grimm, and the boy's captivation and adoption by her seem a pitiably childish conclusion when you think of "The Spring Running" and the exit of Mowgli from the jungle in quest of a mate.

But Herr Bonsels can do subtle and exquisite things that Mr. Kipling has never attempted; he knows secrets of the human heart, as they call them, that Mr. Kipling has never suspected; and in its own way his book is quite good enough to be compared with the "Jungle Books." I particularly admire him for the artistic integrity, so rare among writers for children, that lets his pen follow where his imagination leads, disdaining the devices and cajoleries of the solicitous entertainer. The design of "Mario" is as clean of all that as the execution is of mere prettiness or the tone of maudlin sentiment.

An All-English Burton

THE ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY. By ROBERT BURTON. Edited in an all-English text by FLOYD DELL and PAUL JORDAN-SMITH. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1929. $5.

Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON

ROBERT BURTON and Sir James Fraser were both compilers, and "The Anatomy" and "The Golden Bough" are both rich reading, treasuries of curious lore, collections of traditional ideas, museums of human habits and opinions, monuments of research. Like all wise collectors they both specialized, and then interpreted their specialities as liberally as they found interesting or convenient. But fashions in knowledge have their day, like fashions in hats. Since the early seventeenth century erudition has deserted its old haunts and gone elsewhere. Three-fourths of Burton's classical, and nearly all of his late Latin authorities, are neglected if not forgotten by Oxford scholars. Fraser probably knew as little of the opinions of Olaus Magnus on devils and Peter Haedus on remedies against love as Burton knew of negro rituals in the Congo and Australian exogamy. Fashion has so changed us that there are even those who wish to read Burton without his Latin.

Or so it appears to Messrs. Dell and Jordan-Smith. The special feature of their edition is that they have replaced the text of the quotations, usually Latin, with translations, and given "a straight all-English text." They have also abbreviated the references, incorporated some of the footnotes in the text, and omitted the rest. One is tempted to refer the editors to Carlyle's scorching review of Croker's edition of Boswell. Since Burton only occasionally, or partially translates, to give full translations (in brack-

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.....*Editor*
AMY LOVEMAN.....*Managing Editor*
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.....*Contributing Editor*
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.....*Contributing Editor*
NOBLE A. CATHCART.....*Publisher*

Published weekly, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., Henry S. Canby, President; Roy E. Larsen, Vice President; Noble A. Cathcart, Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Subscription rates per year, postpaid: in the U. S. and Mexico, $3.50; in Canada, $4; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere, $4.50. All business communications should be addressed to 25 West 45th Street, New York. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879. Vol. 6. No. 40.

Copyright, 1930, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ets or footnotes) would have been admirable; but as it is, these editors take away an integral part of Burton when they take away his Latin. The old editions, where the author appears only as "Democritus Junior," are better reading.

The unaccompanied translations, however, bring into recollection and relief not only the peculiar sententiousness of the Latin language, but the peculiar feeling our forefathers had for it. Montaigne is always backing up his remarks with Latin lines or sentences, to a similar effect but noticeably less pregnant and vigorous than his own. Burton's mind was not as muscular as Montaigne's, and yet his quotation does not often add much to his idea. But Montaigne and Burton certainly thought something was added. The old scholars may not have consciously believed a statement in Latin more weighty and believable by the mere virtue of its medium, but they felt so; much as Sir Thomas Bodley felt that the contents of any book smaller than a quarto could not be of any great importance.

The old languages had their own natural values; but they had also a glamor of circumstance. When we first begin to construe Latin, fitting the desperate words together by lexicon, grammar, and rule, the sensation—so far as it is not altogether compulsory and painful—is something like solving a jigsaw puzzle, something like a palimpsest whose covered meaning gradually emerges, something like the decoding of a cryptogram. The infernal thing actually has a meaning! Somebody underneath there is talking sense! The resurrection of the old civilization in the imagination of the Rennaissance was a similar experience on an enormous scale. The splendid past came up through the mist, with all its superb diction and wealth of thought. To western Europe Greek was a lost language found again. The glory of Latin had somewhat different ingredients. It was the language of religion and law, and guarded all the gates of culture. It held the memory of the Empire in solution. One has to recover the circumstances to appreciate in any degree how the old scholars felt about Latin, and see why they felt that an appropriate Latin quotation gave dignity to any sentiment and weight to any opinion. It was an inherent state of mind. All this may have passed away, but it remains that when you have taken away from Burton his Latin and his footnotes, and doctored his references, you have taken away some of his state of mind and put patches on his worn but seemly garments.

Memories of the Past

FIVE GENERATIONS—LIFE AND LETTERS OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY—1750-1900. By MARGARET ARMSTRONG. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by MARY CASS CANFIELD

THE world about us is impermanent. That much, we moderns acutely realize. Never has civilization been in such a state of flux. Material conditions alter from one day to the next; scientific innovations throw yesterday's wonders on the scrap heap. Ideas and ideals shift and new answers are provided to age-old questions. Humanity everywhere has become involved in an age of pure experiment; experiment in the arts, in industry, in social order, in government, in international relations, in manners, morals, and religion. This condition of revolution and, perhaps, evolution, is chronic in the United States. The national restlessness pushes toward discovery, toward building, tearing down, rebuilding. But in the midst of all this creative excitement, this passion for the future, some of us preserve a nostalgia for the past, a poetic reverence for calmer and more ordered days, a curiosity concerning the superior grace and stability of our ancestors.

Such a record as Miss Armstrong's "Five Generations" has value as a memorial to this forgotten past and can be compared to a survival like the City Hall in New York, unexpected in its eighteenth century harmony, as it stands surrounded by the sky scrapers of a commercial era.

Miss Armstrong is in possession of a notable collection of letters, diaries, portraits, and old prints—a continuous history of her family. This material, which begins with letters dated during the hazardous revolutionary times, proceeds in fairly unbroken fashion through the succeeding century. The campaigns of General Washington, then New York and its vicinity during the war of 1812; later on, life on the Hudson River or in South Carolina or abroad; finally Paris and London and New York in the 'seventies, are delightfully pictured in these documents, so unconsciously written, so full of intimate touches, humorous gossip, or human affection. Miss Armstrong has filled in the gaps with lucid and interesting explanation, "placing" her personages so that one receives the impression of a coherent chronicle and follows the fortunes of her four great-grandfathers and their offspring, precisely as one would in a well-written biography. She deserves much credit for constructing a most readable book, in which the peruser will find a charming atmosphere of authenticity and be half persuaded that he himself has traveled, like Mrs. George Washington, "in a chariot and four, with negro postillions in scarlet and white liveries."

Miss Armstrong has taken the trouble to study the periods she deals with and her description of manners, customs, and contemporary events, her accounts of such cities as New York or New Orleans in the nineteenth century, are both learned and stimulating. The Armstrong ancestors were piquantly varied in talents and temperaments; many of them were distinguished personalities in their own day; and their careers are followed as soldiers, sailors, country squires, and artists half around the world, from Scotland to India and from California to Charleston. The author has also brought in well-known contemporaries of her forebears, who came into relation with them, and this adds of course to the interest of the book. One Armstrong ancestor was a Tory Colonel, another occupied the same rank in the

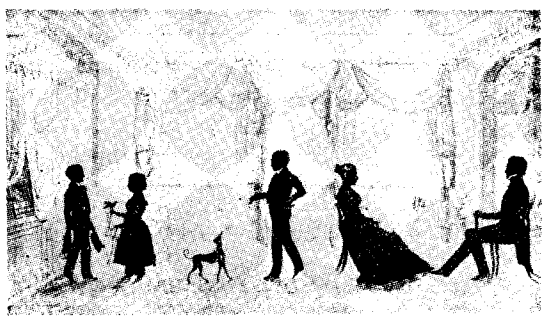


Illustration from "Shades of Our Ancestors," by Alice Van Leer Carrick (Little, Brown).

Colonial army; another, Commodore Sutter, commanded the *Mississippi*, first American warship driven by steam, and, Henry Armstrong, the 'Forty-niner, originally signed on "as cabin boy on a clipper ship and found one trip to Hong Kong and back was enough." He subsequently studied medicine and then, seized by the prevalent fever, proceeded to California, crossing the American desert alone.

There was, also, the appealing ancestress, Rose Armstrong, who, as a bride, traveled down the Mississippi by steam boat in 1838 to settle in New Orleans and from there wrote vivid letters which are broken off abruptly by her death, only two years later. Miss Armstrong's father, the painter, Maitland Armstrong, furnishes in his correspondence a sprightly account of the Paris of 1878 and his friendships with the leading artists of the time.

Altogether, this well done book will be for the student of human psychology a treasure-trove of spontaneous revelations, showing the reactions in gaiety, tragedy, or pleasant humdrum routine, of five generations of gently bred and intelligent people. The general reader will be held by its charm as a genuine record of past times and people, its pathos of distance, the glimpses it furnishes of diversified places and bygone ways of living. The historian will find in it such original material as a first-hand description of Aaron Burr's behavior immediately after the duel with Hamilton, or a letter from General Lafayette, revealing the spirit and mood in which the great man, after his return to France, wrote to American friends from the bucolic retirement of his family estate at La Grange.

An extensive celebration recently marked the anniversary of Hans Andersen's birth in Denmark. As it seemed appropriate that this should be a children's festival, the communal and state schools throughout Denmark held holiday on that date, and in Copenhagen a procession of some six hundred children, dressed in costumes representing figures from the Fairy Tales, was arranged. A pilgrimage to the grave of the great story-teller at the Assistens churchyard was also part of the festival plans.

On the Town Hall square 70,000 children were gathered together, and their singing and the speeches in Danish, English, and German of two of Copenhagen's burgomasters were broadcast.

The "Conte" Redivivus

KINDNESS IN A CORNER. By T. F. POWYS. New York: Viking Press. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by STANLEY WENT

THE lure of T. F. Powys's writing is an elusive quality, not easily to be tagged and docketed. Every reader who finds himself yielding to the charm of Powys's magic—and many, quite understandably, will be unwilling to yield at all—will ask of himself an explanation of the spell, and few will be able to give it with complete satisfaction. This particular reader hazards as his own guess that, in part at any rate, the secret lies in the author's use of the stuff that the day-dreams of a child are made of. Mr. Powys seems to get his effects with the same direct simplicity, the same calm ignoring of obstinate details, that a child employs in its private imaginings: the thing is to hew straight for the end desired. And just as the child escapes from the real world into one that is more real while it lasts and infinitely more satisfying, so Mr. Powys gently invites the reader to accompany him to a world that is as timeless and spaceless as the Kingdom of Poictesme, but is subjectively as real as "Middletown."

It is as though a preternaturally sophisticated child were telling bedtime stories to itself, personalizing its likes and dislikes, and, like God, rewarding the just and punishing the unjust with a quite nice discrimination as to the precise deserts of each individual. Take, for instance, the moral case of Bishop Ashbourne, which adorns this tale. The sophisticated child, Powys, has doubtless known both a rather pompous ecclesiastic and a perfectly detestable old maid. What could be more poetically and sublimely just than to make the bishop marry the old maid and then have all the servants give notice in a bunch, leaving his hen-pecked lordship to struggle inefficiently with the cooking and the beds? With Canon Dibben, the villain of the piece, the matter is more serious. Here is a thoroughly mean, narrow-minded *fanatic*, who positively persecutes dear, scholarly Mr. Dottery, the rector of Tadnol, because he forgets about confirmations and such trivial affairs. Nothing will do but to have the Canon hoist with his own petard. So he steals other people's birds, and falls into the pond, and finally is caught with an enormous fish-hook by the seat of the trousers when he goes prying into the rector's closed cupboard where he thought the rector kept a concubine. It is all very satisfactory and appropriate, and this reviewer can think of more than one fanatic for whom he could wish similar retribution.

But this is the rather boisterous conclusion of a story which concerns in the main a naive mystic and his easy, because unconscious, resistance to the blandishments of the little village voluptuary, Lottie, who was fond of men in general but especially "liked clergymen." The rich flavor of this fourteenth century "conte" in modern dress can only be suggested. There is the perfectly plausible ghost of a lady saint—and why not since we are told that Hamlet's father in the modernized production is quite convincing? There is an array of village characters etched with the careful economy of words that gives distinction to Mr. Powys's style, and often with a quite Boccaccian humor which presupposes in the reader a sympathetically robust taste. Finally, there is the old sexton, an extraordinarily interesting character, whose sermon on the blessed oblivion of the grave, which gives peace and comfort at the last to the timorous Mr. and Mrs. Turtle, is in its way a really superb piece of prose.

There were times in the past when the still, small voice of James Branch Cabell seemed barely audible amid the uproar of Main Street. It is gratifying now to hear the clear-toned antistrophe of Powys coming to us from across the ocean.

The *London Observer says*: "On the Swedish island of Ven, in the Sound between the southern Swedish province of Scania and Denmark, a unique museum commemorating Tycho Brahe, the famous astronomer of the sixteenth century, has been opened to the public.

"Tycho Brahe won international fame through his treatises on "celestial mechanics," and, thanks to the generosity of the King, he built a fine observatory, Uranienborg, on this island. Later on he left Ven for Prague, where he is said to have divined the secret of radium, though of course, he was unable to prove his thesis scientifically."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Russian Riddle

SOVIET RUSSIA. By WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

IN a little, old, white house in the Borisoglebsky *pereoulouk*, in Moscow, any time these six or or seven years past, you might have heard the patient *tap-tap-tap* of a typewriter. It was William Henry Chamberlin, correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor*, plugging away (when not busy with his newspaper letters and despatches) on his history of the Russian Revolution. Correspondents, delegations, trippers of one sort and another, came and went, and still young Mr. Chamberlin kept plugging along—"William Henry's book" became a sort of personality or institution for the rest of the foreign colony, to be mentioned in the day's gossip as one would mention a common acquaintance's progress or health—and now it appears at last.

It differs from most of the many books about the Revolution, beginning, as we recall it, with the one reeled off by the *Saturday Evening Post's* Mr. Marcosson, in something like twenty-four hours after the March revolution. It isn't one of those "Me and Russia" affairs, after the fashion of Mr. Dreiser or H. G. Wells, nor one of those collections of hasty impressions, excellent in their way, which have been published by several capable journalists. It represents the study and observation of an American who has had the great privilege of sitting down and regularly living in Russia, summer and winter, year in and year out, through practically all the tremendous period from the days of the "NEP" down to today.

As a newspaper correspondent, Mr. Chamberlin naturally read, daily, the Soviet papers and pretty much anything else he could lay his hands on, and kept in touch with a correspondent's usual news sources. As a student and objective observer, by nature, with the help of a Russian-born wife, he has supplemented this daily immersion in the flowing stream of events with many excursions to the provinces, and sojourns of weeks at a time in various of the remoter villages. And he has had the possibility, which comes only to the man who settles down with some permanence in a foreign country, of checking first impressions this way and that, and seeing the same thing in all sorts of weathers and emotional atmospheres. The result is not, of course, a definitive history—several generations more, at least, will be needed for that—but what is probably the soundest and most useful presentation yet made of the Bolshevik revolution's flood of disturbing and many-sided facts.

* * *

Mr. Chamberlin is neither dramatist nor phrase-maker. His approach is that of the student rather than the artist. All those atmospheric imponderables which so often preoccupy or distract the attention of the sensitive observer, especially in a country as exotic to our own as Russia, largely pass him by or have been lived out of during his long stay. There are no stinging or haunting sights or sounds or smells in these slightly gray pages. But the "human interest" is there, nevertheless, however transformed, by the author's temperament and his long association with the scene, into intellectual terms.

Beginning with the historical background and the face of the Russian land, he proceeds, objectively and with excellent commonsense, to answer most of the questions strangers to Russia and the revolution want to have answered. In nineteen chapters, with a bibliography, index, and a very handy map showing the many units which make up the Soviet Union, he discusses the Communist Party itself, personalities of the revolution, the class state, socialism's balance-sheet, labor as aristocracy, Karl Marx and the peasant sphinx, the Babel of nationalities, foreign policy, the general staff of the world revolution, the revolution in education and culture, the question of religion, young Russia, the tragedy of the intelligentsia, Russia and world capital, women in the new state, and liberty, and ends with a chapter on "Whither Russia."

Mr. Chamberlin writes without indignation and horror, on the one hand, and without any of the mawkish sentimentality of some of those maiden ladies of bourgeois beginnings, who, having made a sort of adopted baby of the Bolshevik revolution, put into the mouths of their dear peasants and darling proletarians, tendencious tosh which would choke the latter with astonishment were they ever actually to find it there. He is thoroughly aware of the Revolution's crimes and faults, and aware at the same time, as anybody who has lived steadily in Russia for the past six or eight years, must be, that the Revolution is "real"; and that it has brought to large masses of the people, a sense, at least, of liberty, self-respect, and human possibility which they did not possess in the old days. And he points out the fact, often overlooked, that "Russia lay almost entirely outside the influence of three movements which probably contributed most to implant the ideal of respect for individual consciousness, thought, and judgment in the Western mind—namely, the Renaissance, the Reformation, and the French Revolution."

He is cautious about prophecy, but does extract four definite results which he deems likely to endure. They are: (1) the expropriation of the land; (2) the substitution of state for private control and operation in industry and transport, banking, and trade; (3) the cultural autonomy of the many non-Russian nationalities within the Soviet Union; (4) the emergence of a new spirit of "what may be called plebeian democracy, based on the smashing of the former privileged classes and the working of a social system under which the workers, and to a much smaller extent peasants, are given preference in polical and educational opportunity."

He finds that a "new epoch in the history of the Revolution began with the Fifteenth Communist Party Congress, which adopted the fateful resolutions calling for the rapid socialization of agriculture. It is an epoch of sharp struggle between the disciplined will of the Communist Party on the one hand and the propertied instinct of the well-to-do peasants on the other. The truce represented by Lenin's proclamation of the New Economic Policy is at an end. It is now a fight for a final decision of the question whether Russia shall or shall not remain half socialist and half capitalist. . . . And the answer to that riddle lies with the Peasant-Sphinx."

The Spirit of Calvinism

JOHN KNOX. By EDWIN MUIR. New York: Viking Press. 1929. $3.50.

Reviewed by ERWIN R. GOODENOUGH
Yale University

MR. MUIR has attempted a most interesting and difficult feat in his new biography of John Knox. It is a biography and not a biography, for he declares, "The object of this book . . . is to give a critical account of a representative Calvinist and Puritan. . . . With the historical figure I am not particularly concerned." The justification for a study of Knox is not, he feels, so much in any inherent interest in Knox's own individuality or experiences as in the light he has to throw upon a movement which has "deeply influenced our ancestry and ourselves." The book is thus to be read as an attempt at accurate analysis of the spirit of Calvinism as it operated in English, Scotch, and American civilization, rather than as a contribution to detailed knowledge of the reformer.

That Calvinism has been of tremendous importance in our developing civilization, and is still a living force, is by no means an original observation. Intelligent people in all these countries have been consciously struggling to rid themselves of their Calvinistic heritage now for many years, but their struggles have led to few if any attempts at understanding just what Calvinism was, or precisely what its heritage means. Historians have been as negligent of the subject as popular writers, in spite of the fact that it is one of the two or three most astounding phenomena of the past. Everyone talks about Calvinism, but rare indeed is the man who understands it. One aspect of the subject has been made readily available in Tawney's popular exposition of the theories of Max Weber that capitalism has largely been nourished by the ethical teachings of Calvin's followers. A much more profound and thorough-going interpretation of Calvinism still lies locked away from the English-speaking world in the involved German of Ernst Troeltsch, a popularization of whose theories would be as great a public boon as any I know.

But an exposition of Calvinism in its original significance and historical and contemporary importance would be a large undertaking. To begin with it would have to recreate the spirit of the great medieval Church out of which Protestantism reacted; then it must describe the conditions in the late Middle Ages and Renaissance to which the Church for a time fatally refused to adapt itself. From this our ideal author must go on to make clear on what issues Luther made his break, what of the old he kept, how much of the Renaissance point of view he adopted, and what character he gave his movement by passing all that was before and about him through the fire of his own unpredictable personality. Then the author must give us a glimpse into the hearts of Luther's bastard children, Zwingli and the variegated Anabaptists. In doing all this the ideal author would find the conceptions of God held by these different religious bodies the most illuminating guide both for himself and his readers. For each of these created a God in its own image. So the Catholic God was as tremendous as must be the God of the Church Universal, yet as near the life of man as the parish church, and as sane and practical as the great system of sacraments and indulgences. The Lutheran God was a deified Luther, hating his enemies, loving his friends, inconsistent, beautiful and terrible, sometimes petty, mostly sublime—a personality always. And so for the Gods of Zwingli, Erasmus, and the others. Then, when he had covered this and more, our ideal author would be ready to introduce Calvin who could not hope to be appreciated apart from such a background. And the central point would still be the God Calvin created, Luther's God without his bowels, as Calvin was a Lutheran without a heart.

* * *

To be able to understand the God of Calvin would be well worth the effort to grasp all that preceded, if only for the inherent interest of the incredibly bizarre. For mythology knows no other such demon in any saga of savages. To be sure Calvin's cultus did not involve such bloody rites as those demanded by the war-god of the Aztecs, but that life-consuming monster glows with a kindly light in comparison with Jehovah whose glory could only be manifested in the pre-determined and eternal holocaust of a vast majority of the human race. Calvin's cultus, sacramental theory, and public and private ethics are all perfectly intelligible when, and only when, this deity has been adequately grasped. The persistent force of Calvinism, after a dozen generations of training in such a belief, becomes intelligible: we may think we have got away from believing in Calvin's God, but habits of mind inured into our fathers in their terror are still with us all, conditioning our actions as well as our reactions. To trace the influence on down from Calvin's time would thus complete the ideal book on Calvinism.

I have described the ideal exposition of the spirit of Calvinism because I think that Mr. Muir's attempt to do it through portraying a single individual with little or no reference to the background and fundamentals was foredoomed to failure. What is the reader to conclude? He knows that every Calvinist was not as actively violent even in Knox's time as Knox himself, but what were the rest doing and thinking? Mr. Muir does not tell us, but implies, what is not remotely true, that this violence was typical of Calvinism throughout its history. He describes how Knox was for several years a preacher of Protestantism before he had any acquaintance with Calvinism, but he nowhere makes clear what the addition of Calvinism meant to Knox's thinking. If a reader who knew nothing about the Reformation wanted to find out why the reformers hated the Catholics he would get no explanation here, for while Mr. Muir has given a graphic picture of the hatred Knox bore them, he does not attempt to explain that hatred. Most of all, the weakness of Knox as a typical and revealing Puritan is the fact that we know nothing about his psychology in the earlier formative period, and Calvinism without its psychology is accident without substance.

Yet if Mr. Muir has not satisfactorily generalized his "sample Puritan" he has written a very interesting book. If it is slow in getting going, and much too sketchy at the beginning, with disproportionate description of his uninteresting relations with women, that is made up by the brilliance of the latter part. The picture of Knox in his dealings with Mary Stuart is as excellent biographical writing as you would hope to find. Lacking the ideal book on Calvinism Mr. Muir is well worth reading. But it is the greater work which will alone do what he proposed to do in his preface.

The Keats House Museum, Keats Grove, Hampstead, has been offered, for £120, the desk and inkstand used by the poet when he lived at Wentworth House (now Keats House). Miss Helen J. Niles, the owner of the articles, is a descendant of George Keats, the poet's brother, by whom they were taken to America.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bowling Green

John Mistletoe
VII.

IF the paper were not before him as he writes, I doubt if he could quite believe it—

OXONIÆ, Termino S. Mich. A. D. 1910
Die XV° Mensis Oct
Quo die comparuit coram me
Joannes Mistletoe è Coll. Novo, Gen. Fil.
et admonitus est de observandis Statutis hujus
Universitatis, et in Matriculam Universitatis
relatus est.

C. B. HEBERDEN
Vice-Cancellarius

That took place in the Divinity Schools, behind the Sheldonian, on a Saturday afternoon. Each young freshman, properly wearing his white tie, mortarboard, and the comic little cape dignified as a "gown," was given a large blue copy of *Statuta et Decreta Universitatis Oxoniensis*. Carrying which, and filled with a pleasant sense of important anticipations, they probably all trooped back to their various colleges. There would be time to study those Statutes while the kettle was boiling for tea. I know that Mistletoe took great pleasure in the section entitled *De Moribus Conformandis*, written in a vigorous dog-Latin of the 17th century, and still happily and humorously perpetuated in the volume. There, while waiting for hot buttered crumpets to come up from the college kitchen, the freshman might learn something of academic etiquette. He might learn (you must allow me the pleasure of writing down the actual captions)

De Reverentia Juniorum erga Seniores,
De coercendis otiosis Scholaribus in Civitate oberrantibus,
De Domibus Oppidanorum non frequentandis,
De Oenopoliis, seu Tabernis vinariis, Popinis et Diversoriis non frequentandis.

("It is decreed that scholars of whatever condition shall abstain from lodging-houses, inns, wineshops and any houses, whether in the town or the precinct of the university, in which wine, or any other drink, or the nicotian herb known as Tobacco, is ordinarily sold." This excellent statute, a student of academic history would ponder, was not originally devised for moral requirements only, but also because the various colleges had their own breweries and cellars, and quite properly intended to make their own decent revenue on the potations of their members.)

De Nocturna Vagatione reprimenda—

"It is decreed that all scholars of whatever condition who chance, for whatever reason, to be outside their colleges or halls in the evening, shall betake themselves to their own colleges and halls before the ninth hour (which is wont to be denounced by the pulsation of the great bell of Christ Church College); and that immediately on the pulsation of this same great bell, the gates of the several Colleges and Halls shall be shut and locked. These having been shut, if occasion requires, the prefects shall explore (by perlustrating the cubicles of individuals) whether any are pernoctating or wandering outside their own College or Hall."

What a language is Latin: the phrase for Big Tom's 9 p. m. "pulsation" is *quae denunciari solet*. To denounce, to report downward—yes, perfect.

De Ludis prohibitis—

—"That scholars shall abstain from the hunting of wild beasts with dogs, traps, nets or gins; from carrying bombards and crossbows; and from the use of falcons for fowling. Also that within the University of Oxford or its precinct, unless by special grace of the Vice-Chancellor, no tight-rope walkers, actors, nor contests of gladiators are permitted."

De famosis Libellis cohibendis, et de Contumeliis compescendis,

De Armis non gestandis

"It is decreed that no scholar, or other person, within the ambit of the University, shall carry either offensive or defensive weapons or missiles, by day or by night, except those who for honest recreation carry a bow and arrows."

De Vehiculis—

"It is decreed that all scholars abstain from the use of vehicles in which they are wont to be carried with themselves as charioteers, by whatever name these may be called, unless on account of infirm health or any other rational cause a license has been granted by the Proctors."

I have chosen, and baldly translated, a few of these good old precautions. No one could read them without realizing he had become part of something very ancient; nor without perceiving Oxford's sovereign and typically English sense in keeping these archaic statutes in force. By interpretation, by latitudes and fictions, they cover every contingency of modern life. When an airplane first appeared in Oxford, in 1912, it was by the statute *De Vehiculis* that undergraduates were forbidden to go flying.

* * *

I leave him there for the moment, that young Mistletoe, with his new copper kettle steaming on the trivet, and the ugly brown teapot he bought for himself, and the small silver teaspoons. Already he had paid his first visit to his tutor, and learned what were the requirements of the examination *In Rudimentis Jurisprudentiæ*. Already he had bought his copy of *Englische Verfassungsgeschichte* by Gneist, that learned and illegible German; and his Gaius's Institutes. R. L. Stevenson remarked that of his own studies in Roman law all he remembered was that "emphyteusis is not a disease, nor stillicide a crime." It is sad that of the sprightly Gaius all one is likely to recall offhand is the doctrine that women were excluded from suffrage *propter levitatem animi*. Mistletoe now regrets having parted with his copy of Gaius, who would undoubtedly bear re-reading. Also, as he drinks his first tea as an Oxford matriculate, he meditates that he is to undergo an examination in Divinity, viz. in Greek Testament; but that "those who object on religious grounds to the study of Holy Scripture are entitled to offer the equivalent." The "equivalent" is stated to be either Plato's *Apology* or Pascal's *Pensées*. I leave him there, alone with his tea and very happy. I would not intrude on the dreams of a boy at such a time. Very likely it was a soft hazy afternoon, the treetops in New College garden, seen over the ancient wall, were turning yellow, and the stroke of those innumerable chimes beginning to din themselves into his memory.

* * *

I rarely speak of Oxford; I do not often think of her, as I knew her; it is not wise. To think of Oxford, alone and from far, is to be thrilled as one is thrilled in reading Donne or Milton or Sir Thomas. I do not think now of the much hilarity of that life, of its hale frolic and good wine, of its joy in exercising the mind for the mere pleasure of it. I think of the unbelievable beauty of those colleges, their fantasy of green and grey, of flowers and firelight, fit indeed to blast open the mind of many a young outlander come from the uglier alcoves of education. I was in Oxford, years later, for a few hours only; it was a rare morning of sunshine and I spent it strolling about, or thinking in New College garden. No, not even thinking, but aware of those flowers, the lindens and chestnuts and the fortressed wall. I was reproached afterward, in all kindness, by an old good friend, for not having gone to see him. But I was not in Oxford to see anyone. I was there to recreate a little heaven of my own, and I would not willingly have crossed the lawn to meet Walt Whitman or the King.

I speak of what I know. Often the most sociable of creatures, Oxford helped to teach me the bliss of solitude, the power when needed to beget my own world for myself.

To be too near her now, too often, I could not bear. She is a dream, and for some who love her she must remain so. To be too near her would remind one of her delicious snobberies (which I pray God she may never lose; nor will she as long as she has plenty of young Etonians and Wykehamists); of her too comfortable certainties, of her gallant modernizations. I want her, and my heart holds her fast, as she was in the last of the Unquestioning Era, 1910-13, before the war; when I was a boy and supposed there was an answer to everything. There are plenty of beauties in the world besides hers: I can see, on New York streets, miracles of man's bravado such as she never dreamed. But for something quite other I revisit her in thought, humbly and seldom. How else can I say it but that you will find it also in Sir Thomas Browne, in De Quincey. You will hear it in the deep organ, quivering the squares of stone.

I said to Mistletoe that it would be well not to be sentimental about Oxford; to which he replied, What else does she exist for?

In honor of those bells, those gardens, those friendships, those idle evenings by the fire, I make the enormous and impossible effort to reach back. How gay, how clear, how naive might the language be, to tell the comedy of that time. But it cannot be just that; man, the noble animal, splendid in ashes and pompous in the grave, has been at work since then with his drums and tramplings. I would not look at that jocund life without thinking what was preparing for it in the hollow of Time. Then, then, in that golden prime, the great world hung in the balance. Anxieties of trouble to come were not lacking, but who, drugged in such benison of charm, could take them seriously? The dear old Spooner toddled about the quad like a wise and innocent white rabbit; the hansom cabs came clashing up the narrow crooked lane; at dinner time the candle-light shone upon silver mugs and Yorkshire pudding and the starched shirts of dons. In the front lodge the whiskered porter, with more presence than an archdeacon, kept guard over the gentility of this strange mixture of cathedral, athletic club, monastery and tavern. New College bumped Magdalen and went Head of the River; the young sportsmen-monks burned the seats of their medieval privy and capped the chapel pinnacles with jordans. A King was crowned, the college ball was held and there was dancing all-night long in a huge marquee. All night long those shy or lonely or frugal scholars who did not attend heard the sweet suggestions of the waltz as undertone to their dreams, or lay awake thinking that Life is Very Unfair.

And what dignity she has. Not once, in all these years, has she circularized her alumnus with appeals, requests, inquiries, questionnaires. Only once, officially, has he heard from her: when she sent a list of her members who had fallen in the war. She is doing her job, let him do his. He wishes he could give her a silver mug, for some unsuspecting child to drink her fine bitter beer.

(*To be continued*)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Poems

KALLITHEA

I AM in love with solitude again
And deepest country. There the hollow sky
Has room for stars and the slow-winking eye
Of the sly moon. There evenings entertain
No stranger guests than coachmen of Charles' Wain;
Long before midnight every sound shall die
Lest whisper wake the Wind, majestically
Clean to sweep heaven with his brush of rain.

Or is it winter? Then the night is quick
With icy tinkles, elfin squeaks, perhaps
The scamp of squirrels merry in the frost
Across the snowy, sway-backed roof. Homesick
Am I for every frozen oak that snaps
And fairiest foot-falls, and for one the most.

IL CORTEGIANO MODERNO

IF any fiddle frets, to dance;
Of all but pattern drain the cup;
Against the rascal arrows of chance
To turn a careless collar up;

To laugh, when it were wise to cry;
To flirt, when prudent men would pray;
To find all life but levity
And death another holiday;

A credo? God forbid, nor banner
To follow nor a proper plan,
But just the macaronic manner
Meet for your modern gentleman.

O ARTEMIS

IF God is good I wonder that he mangles
So many men to make one universe;
If Providence, I question why she tangles
Offenceless folk in martyrdom or worse.
Such thoughts perplex me till the mist dividing
Shows Artemis pursue a silver hind
Through skyey landscapes, on a bright cloud riding
Her heavenly hunt,—then say I "Never Mind."
Aye, never mind. Enough if I, a mortal,
Few times but telling can the crystal cry
And glimpse beyond my cypress-shaded portal
Across the mounts and meadows of the sky
To where the Moon, imperial, takes her flight
And princely stars pitch and patrol my night.

HUGH WESTERN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Portrait of a Critic

THERE has probably never been a time when contemporary literature demanded more radical and philosophical appraisement, never a time when it received it less than at present. The need is urgent and clear. The reasons why the need has not been fulfilled are simple. Contemporary literature, be it poetry or the novel, biography or the essay, is more self-conscious, more expressive of more kinds of intellectual and spiritual awareness than in any previous period in our literary history. Its temper and its technique are both illumined by the new psychologies. Its points of view echo the latest—or almost the latest—philosophies. The conflicts and crises with which it is characteristically concerned reflect the more radical and skeptical moralities of the moment. In the way of method alone, for example, there are enough novelties in the way of handling words to provoke fundamental questions concerning the meaning, the use, and the enjoyment of language—to provide the materials for a whole philosophy of symbols. The new structure and the new stream of the novel and biography involve with a new urgency all the old basic problems of form and matter, substance and technique. Anyone in these days who would seriously undertake to be a critic of literature would have to be as various in his interests as an Aristotle or a Herbert Spencer. The questions he would ultimately have to broach if not to solve would be as wide in their consequences and as ultimate in their assumptions as those of any metaphysic. It is the purpose of this article to indicate what interests would have to be fused to constitute a critical approach, at once consistent and comprehensive, what fundamental issues are peculiarly raised by contemporary literature. It is proposed in a word, to give a portrait of the critic as philosopher, to indicate what he would have to do and to be.

But it is necessary first to say why one looks in vain in the field of contemporary criticism for anything resembling the philosopher critic that the symptoms seem to indicate. There is, in the first place, the fact, perfectly patent and often forgotten, that criticism is not in America a profession. On this score there is more to be noted in explanation than the mere fact that a man can scarcely make a living by being exclusively a critic. That is even more true abroad than it is in America. It is not simply that a man must do criticism as incidental to teaching, editing, or scholarship. It is that criticism is not regarded in America, even by its frequent practitioners, as a genuine art or profession. Every critic, almost, cherishes the secret hope of passing from the rank of critic to the ranks of those whom the critics applaud, wishing himself a creative talent in poetry, fiction, or drama. With the exception of the late Stuart P. Sherman there has been scarcely anyone to take the job of criticism seriously both as a craft and a career. Sherman himself (as the recent "Life and Letters" indicates) was unfortunately for most of his career too busy defending a point of view—and a narrow one—and in the last few years of his life escaping its restrictions, to have developed a comprehensive critical philosophy. There is evidence, too—and this is what chiefly constitutes the tragedy of his death—that, given a little more time, he would have developed a genuine set of informed first principles in criticism such as is at present nowhere visible on the American critical horizon.

What interests would have to be fused, then, what ranges of information and insight would have to be ordered, to turn the merely casual or whimsical commentator on books into a true philosopher of letters? He would have to be in the first place, that not impossible critic, something more than a man of letters. Serious literature in all ages has been something more than a concern with its own music or felicity. It is one of the peculiarities as well as one of the challenges of the literary artist that his medium is impure. He cannot without doing violence to his own instrument be a merely linguistic musician or an expert in verbal decoration. Whether in poetry or in fiction writers and readers alike are weary of mere goldsmith work in words or mere melodious contrivances of sound. There is an analytic edge and a psychological insight to poets like Edwin Arlington Robinson or the late Elinor Wylie that would totally escape the comprehension of a critic who came to them with purely esthetic categories. To understand the subject matter of which literature is merely the half representative discourse, the contemporary critic would have to be conversant with those new chartings of the soul with which literature itself is so much concerned.

This is by way of saying, to begin with, that the critic must be a psychologist. But that is very different from saying that he must be a psychologist in the professional sense of that term. He will hardly add to his stature and understanding by exploring or peddling the ambiguous statistics of the laboratory. Nor will he gain by lugging into his reading or writing those questionable new terms which constitute no small part of the current fashionable schemes for the salvation of the soul. Neither the experimental laboratory where reaction times are measured nor the psychiatric clinic where neuroses are discerned and classified will be of very great help to the critic as philosopher. The first will give him questionable figures about negligible matters in the life of the psyche. One can search reports of the laboratory psychologists and find a vast amount of data about the external symptoms and the visible mechanisms of behavior. One will find there precious little about what goes on in the psychic life of the individual, about that intimate reality of which all knowledge is at best a reconstructive reverie, toward the making of which these mechanical reports of signs and mechanisms are irrelevant baggage. As for the psychiatric clinic, the critic will derive from it principally a new lingo that will corrupt his style without clarifying his understanding.

But he will not be able to follow or to estimate contemporary literature unless, in the light of some refined sensibility on his own part or through understanding the understanding of others, he has a vision of what the soul of man in contemporary reflection looks like, and has some estimate of what its heights, its depths, and its center are. He will only be able to feel himself at home in the new biography or the new fiction if he has given up thinking of the soul in its conventional surfaces and conventional formulations. He will have to think and to recognize those dark forests of the subconscious across which consciousness throws a very narrow, vacillating, and often discoloring beam of light. He will have to sense with Bergson and share with Proust that awareness, tragic and intimate, of time which carries all things with it, at once mutilating and transfiguring them in the process, so that, as Proust says, "houses, trees, avenues alike, change, alas, with the years."

IT is hardly necessary, again, that the critic be thoroughly conversant with the jargon, at once speculative and dogmatic, of the psycho-analysts. He will need rather to recognize what in the psychic life they are pointing at than bother with their explanations of it. It is scarcely requisite that the critic pretend a precise knowledge he cannot possibly have, of the elaborate new theories by which time and space become functions of each other. No patter about Freud, or about Eddington or Einstein will save him. Not even an actual knowledge of the new physics and the now no longer new psychology will. But if his imagination rather than his throat muscles have become affected by the new world of current ideas, as explicitly stated in contemporary metaphysics or reflected in contemporary literature, he will have become aware of two new dimensions in the delineation of human feeling. Time will cease to be something to discuss; it will have become something to feel and to move with. For it is curious how literary men breathing what Whitehead properly calls the intellectual climate of their day, have come to see their characters not as set in a material space, but as moving in a palpable time.

The sense of change, long the tragic or the pathetic insight of the poet, has of late become the central doctrine of the metaphysician. Things give way to events; the order of the universe is an intellectual scaffolding projected for the moment upon the flux. That metaphysical insight is itself merely the intellectualized form of a pervasive sense which possesses the modern. It is not only in the metaphysics of Dewey or Whitehead that existence is an event. In the whole of our living the awareness of movement, the quality, tragic or exuberant, of change, has become the very essence of our lives. No critic who continues to look at literature in terms of the categories of a static universe is talking in terms of the consciousness which animates the writers and controls the readers of contemporary literature. One uses at the intellectual peril of being completely irrelevant the timeless standards of Truth, Goodness, and changeless Beauty in a society of minds for whom timelessness is an incredible myth, a white ecstasy of peace made of the ardors, the endurances, and the uncertainties of experience.

Nor will any critic be much more to the point if he speaks in terms of the formal and surface psychology afloat a generation ago—and still adrift in certain academic quarters. He will, for example, miss the whole point of that literary concern with sex, which to the serious novelist, despite all the Watch and Ward Societies in the world, is something more than pornography. From the standpoint of that prudish Bostonian dogmatism which arrogates to itself the name of Humanism, the concern with sex in recent literature is so much pandering to the animal man, so much abdication of civilization and reason. The critic unaffected by the newer psychological insight, regards sex in literature much as Queen Victoria might regard a prostitute or as Professor Babbitt regards Rousseau. But the concern with sex in literature is simply an expression of that whole new attitude toward the realities, moving and hitherto half recognized, of our psychic life. Its brutalities may be recorded by a Dreiser; its lyric sublimities by D. H. Lawrence. It has its own agonies, ecstasies, and disasters. It may be hidden or fought or made much of. It may be the carnality that St. Paul wished to crush or the incitement to ultimate beatitude that it is in Plato. The modern psychiatrist with his lingo about conflict and sublimation is giving present verification to what the prophets and propagandists of the spiritual life have long known. The modern man of letters is trying to be honest, to plunge with sympathy and understanding into and illustrate the complexities of human action in contemporary society. What is this power that is so beautiful in its possibilities, so ruinous sometimes in its consequences, always actually or circuitously present?

The critic facing this emergence of and persistence of sex in contemporary literature will not be tempted to dismiss it as forbidden subject matter. He will realize that it is not subject matter at all, so much as one instance of a new dimension to discourse about the human psyche. It is part of the attempt of literary men to report, to interpret, and to celebrate those phases of experience which hum and simmer below the more clearly defined utterances and actions of our conscious selves. Of these blocked or subconscious phases of life, sex, however dramatic it may be, is only one. It required a Proust to indicate those haunting streams of reminiscence which qualify every conscious moment, and make the present of each individual, the sharp, sensuous edge of actuality so shaded, so phosphorescent with the past history of the individual whose present it is.

The critic, then, must be a psychologist, in the sense of having imaginative sympathy for those new ways of suggesting, rendering, and reconstructing that tangled skein, that multi-colored stream which the character of any individual is now seen to be. And once he is, in that sense, a psychologist, he will be ready to welcome any literary work that renders some thread of that skein, some color of that stream. He will be less ready to condemn, to censor, to forbid, or to disbelieve. Anything may happen in life and everything be possible in emotion. He will ask only how vivid is the communication, how authentic the art. He will not be a censor excluding whole domains from literature as one might exclude nightclubs or factories from a restricted residential neighborhood in Boston. He will not be a preacher asking that literature be the expression of a given code or the teaching of a given saving gospel. He will be simply the student, exact and sympathetic, of the literature before him. He will be a psychologist in the sense of one who studies the soul of man as it is artfully reconstructed in that system of signs and echoes we call literature.

To say that the critic as philosopher will not be a censor or a moralist is by no means to say that he will not have to reflect upon those moral crises to which much of literature in any age (since each

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by Irwin Edman

age is an age of transition) gives expression. But he will be a moralist in precisely the same way in which he will be a psychologist. He will study the anatomy of contemporary conflict as it appears in fiction. He will have no axe to grind. He will have to be acquainted, or will be lost, with the whole context of that changing civilization in which along with the passage of agricultural dominance and of a feudal society, have come disintegration in religious belief and the moral compulsions that go with it. If in fiction, he sees unheard of pictures of unheard of family relations, if characters on a city block behave differently than they would in a country lane, if fathers and children, men and their wives, behave differently to each in fiction than hitherto—the critic will be strangely inept who tries to deal with these new pictures as if they were purely literary experiments.

ALL fiction is, as Cabell has insisted, some variant biography of the soul of man. And the soul of man in our generation has to face the new issues raised by a new setting. The critic in his study may analyze to his heart's content "form and style in American literature." But form and style are themselves determined, like the tempo of the life they express, by something much wider and much deeper than purely esthetic considerations. There is a taint of death and irrelevancy about the literary critics in the esoteric reviews. It is as if the precious little Olympians had forgotten that letters were not an esthete's hobby but an artist's medium. One recalls with sympathy Tolstoy's rages against the artistic leisure classes who amused themselves with the novelty of technique where there was lacking the substance of life. The writer's subject matter is human experience. And that particular version of experience which gives tone to or accent to any age in literature must be understood in terms of that complex of circumstances which determine the life of an age. The critic need not be a sociologist, but he cannot afford to be an esthete. New forms, new themes arise in literature not because playboys wish to make experiments, but because those larger experiments which constitute a changing civilization find new forms, new patterns, and new subjects in the literature which is their voice.

To say that a critic who is really a philosopher must know the substance, the natural causes, and conditions of literature in the social life of his own day, is far from saying that he must abandon esthetic considerations. For literature, though its subject matter be life and its conditions social, economic, and psychological, is still an art. And that literature which is interesting simply as sociology is hardly worth the attention of the critic at all. But to consider literature an art is something more rich and profound and difficult than to babble about form, about structure, about words and idioms. Half the critics prattle about social criticism while the other half mumble about the higher incoherence in prose. But very few of them—Mr. Edwin Muir and Mr. Edmund Wilson are admirable exceptions—seem to be aware that literature is an art, that its intent is communication, that its subject matter is life or some vision of it, and that criticism of form and technique are meaningless if these important banalities are forgotten. What does it profit to shout primly as do the Humanists that literature must be decorous, if in doing so one misses those whole vital areas of experience in the rendition of which these indecorums have arisen? You have said nothing about Joyce's style or his themes or that of any serious experimenter if you do not pay attention to those unexplored associations and adumbrations of words, those neglected connectives of thought and feeling which it requires a new style to communicate or even to suggest. The stream of consciousness, again, is a literary device, which is simply to say that it is a device used in literature. But it is not a literary stunt. It is an attempt to render the river of living experience itself, to give the reader not a post-mortem blueprint after the fact, but the sense of the moving line of the psyche as in any breathing being it is lived.

But the critic if he must be more than a man of letters must be always and notably that. The ancient and basal beauties of writing, remain in any age, whatever its themes or its subject matter, and the music of a writer's prose, its dignity, its elevation, vividness, picturesqueness, and precision are matters which no amount of psychological or social interest on the part of a critic will excuse him from considering. He will know that literature, too, has its sensuous surface. He will hence be alert to detect in a writer the sense for epithet, the concern for the melody of prose that distinguish the born (or the made) writer, from the mere manufacturer of books. As a man of letters he will be concerned, too, more than he has been of late, with form in literature in its profounder meaning. He will distinguish a novel that is a world in itself, with its own esthetic structure and integrity, from a vague mound of realism or a flowing lava of introspection. He will love in a book what the trained observer loves in a painting; its depths, and its composition. Whatever formlessness or meaninglessness life and nature may, according to current mechanistic maxims reveal, the critic will esteem literary art not least by the form and meaning which the artist has given his work. It will not suffice him as an excuse for a work that is dull and confused and futile that it closely approximates life. Life may be the subject of art, but it is art that gives life to literature.

Nor does this mean that the critic must end in a precious worship of verbal music or merely literary form. Words unless they are those of a mumbling or a raving hysteric, are willy nilly about something. The philosopher critic will be interested in literature rather as the sensuously arresting communication, the formally engrossing, vehicle of the movement and meaning, the exaltations and absurdities and animalities of that life and that world, which, however variously, contemporaries live in together. Because the subject matter of literature is life and the world, it will be the critic's business to bring to bear upon them all that the sciences and the philosophies of the era will have to offer. He will be not a little suspicious of those Brahmins who ask him to judge literature by the "wisdom of the ages," a wisdom which turns out frequently to be the purely literary culture of the past. Because its subject matter is life, he will hesitate to limit writing and say only this and this is permissible as decorous or important. It will not dismay him to find much that is unprecedented in books that reflect a world unprecedented in its experiment, in its beginnings of undreamed of ways of living.

But whatever be the theme of literature, its method is that of all art, and the critic will look at writing to see how perspicuous, how musical, how vivid, and how moving it is. To sense that and to pass judgment on it he will have himself to be what great critics have been in all ages, intellectual poets. For to understand literature as a reflection of life, he will have to love the latter and not be alarmed when it appears with candor in books. But he will have to care for the reflection, too, to love words as only a poet can love them, and love more than the Flesh itself, the Flesh become Word, articulate and beautiful. Given such a critic we may not recognize him or think of him primarily as a critic or a philosopher. For we shall be in the presence of a great writer. Such a critic will himself become part of contemporary literature. Like the writers whom with vitality, sensibility, and knowledge he interprets and discriminates, he will be the spokesman of what is alive among us; his speech will itself be a comprehensive art of reflection upon that art which, with the disinterestedness of beauty, awakens each generation to recognize the landmarks of its own soul.

Irwin Edman, author of the foregoing article, is a novelist and poet as well as critic and philosopher. One of the faculty of philosophy at Columbia University, he is author of a volume of poems, and of a work of fiction which is in reality a critique of life, entitled "Richard Kane Looks at Life."

The prize, which is awarded annually by the *Vie Heureuse* newspaper for the best English work of imagination published during the past year, was won this year by Mr. Charles Morgan's "Portrait in a Mirror." The Northcliffe prize, which is a reciprocal award presented by Mr. Jonathan Cape for a French imaginative work, goes to "Le Sourire de l'Ange," by Léandre Vaillat. The 1928-29 *Femina-Vie Heureuse* award went to "Gallions Reach."

I. M.
Arthur Bainbridge Peet

TAKE him for all in all, he was a man;
We shall not look upon his like again:
He knew just how this sorry scheme began,
How the sea rotted into life, how men
After uncounted æons came to be
The wearisome creatures that we find they are;
He quoted from *The Golden Bough* with glee;
And it refreshed his very soul when he
Unhitched another wagon from a star.

His soul? The word that always made him smile!
His organism, then; his congeries
Of cells and glands and neurons, blood and bile;
His carbon-chain of auto-activities!
For Arthur Bainbridge Peet was very sure
That all things happen as they must, but glad
(Since he was rich enough to feel secure,
And certain he was writing "literature")
That things for him had happened as they had.

His field was Criticism. The Seven Arts,
The Sciences, both the Social and the Exact;
He was undoubtedly a man of parts
Who always knew a fiction from a fact;
His function was to pin us down to earth
And make us face the horror of our lot;
To point out, with a leer, that life is worth
Precisely nothing, and with urbane mirth
To think through to the nullity of thought.

Dear Arthur Bainbridge Peet, I miss you so!
Now you have sunk into the compost heap,
How shall I separate what I really know
From what I merely dream of when I sleep?
Your icy mockeries once kept me sane,
Safe from mad intuitions and desires;
While you were with us I felt that hope was vain,
While you were with us I knew that none aspires
Toward God, save when his thwarted sexual fires
Curdle the protoplasm of his brain!

But now you are mixed with bio-chemic slime,
Dissolved in the dark cauldron, done for, dead,
I find that I forget from time to time
Some of the desolating words you said:
I note, alas, that ever and anon
A sort of tentative faith returns to me,
And spite of all your warnings, now you are gone,
I lose my mental grip, and thereupon
I deliquesce into mysticity.

But no! By all the joys you swept away,
By all the innocent marvelling you killed,
I must not sink again toward hope, nor pray
From a too-credulous heart to be fulfilled
With quiet confidence! I must not sin
Against the facts of Darwin or of Freud:
I must recall your supercilious grin,
And when these mystical maunderings begin—
I must remember you would be annoyed.

LEE WILSON DODD.

"Virgil's Year" in Italy is being marked by the production of carefully edited facsimiles of several famous Virgil codices. Hoepli, of Milan, has just brought out a heliochrome reproduction of the Ambrosiana Virgil, containing all the works of the poet, with the commentary of Servius and marginal notes by Petrarch, to whom the volume belonged. The manuscript, which dates from the close of the thirteenth century, is the work of a Florentine scribe. The frontispiece is enriched with an exquisite miniature by the Sienese painter, Simone-Martini, of which the upper part represents Virgil seated beneath a tree holding a stylus, while the lower part is filled with a bucolic scene.

One of the most remarkable literary gatherings seen in London for a long time took place at the headquarters of the Society of Authors the other day.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books of Special Interest

Ina Coolbrith

WINGS OF SUNSET. By INA DONNA COOLBRITH. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1930.

Reviewed by LIONEL STEVENSON

IN the year 1852 the famous Indian guide, Jim Beckworth, led the first emigrant train through the new pass which he had discovered as a short route to California. As he approached the pass he set an eleven-year-old girl of the party on the front of his saddle, that she might be literally the first white person to go through the pass, The child's name was Ina Donna Coolbrith, and until her death seventy-six years later she continued to hold a unique place in Californian history.

Her poems had already appeared in periodicals, and been reprinted in anthologies, when Bret Harte founded the *Overland Monthly* and enlisted her as a regular contributor. In addition to the admiration of the local literary men, she received praise from Whittier, Stedman, and even the leading English poets; yet her long life had more of frustration than success. In the early 'seventies, just when she had arranged to visit England, she suddenly had to assume the support of her sister's orphaned children, and for thirty years she labored at the routine of librarianship. The last blow of misfortune was the San Francisco earthquake and fire, which not only left her destitute but destroyed manuscripts representing the work of years. To offset her disappointments, she had only a few local honors; she was the sole woman member of the famous Bohemian Club, and in 1915 the state legislature appointed her poet laureate, an office which no other state had created at that time.

Her life offers baffling mysteries. One secret has been revealed since her death; her father was Don Carlos Smith, youngest brother of the founder of Mormonism, and she adopted her mother's family name on account of the anti-Mormon prejudice of pioneer days. One feels, however, that other secrets remain, for her striking physical beauty and rich emotional nature could not fail to involve her in love affairs, an assumption which the internal evidence of her poems justifies.

As a personality she exerted a strong influence on all who knew her. Bret Harte, Charles Warren Stoddard, Joaquin Miller, Jack London, George Sterling, and Isadora Duncan are among those who came under her spell, and the list hints at her breadth of tolerance and sympathy. Yet her own literary output was slender, restricted in her lifetime to two small volumes. A strictness of self-criticism rare in women poets kept her from prodigality. That there was no failure of inspiration is proved by the fact that the poems written in her eighty-seventh year, as well as being as fresh as those of seventy years earlier, showed experimentation in new themes and verse-forms.

The posthumous collection, "Wings of Sunset," contains only three or four poems which appeared in her "Songs from the Golden Gate," thirty-four years ago. Charles Phillips provides an introduction which is more zealous than graceful, being pompous and wordy and far more "Victorian" than his subject. Although announcing his intention of avoiding commentary on her work and restricting himself to her life, he wastes much space on adjective-festooned tributes, omits some of the known biographic facts, misinforms the reader as to others (e. g., her age when the *Overland Monthly* was founded), and befogs with rhetoric the facts that could speak so effectively for themselves.

A better service has been rendered by Professor Phillips in his arrangement of the poems, which is admirable for displaying the range of her talent. One only regrets that the grouping by subject precludes any indication of the dates of writing, since the age of the poet gives additional interest to some of the pieces.

There is not much in the poems that can be labelled as distinctly Californian. The longest poem is a narrative of the Spanish period, flexible in metre, with vigorous action and whimsical touches of humor, but not particularly distinguished. A few landscape pieces are also definitely localized, but the most interesting of her Californian poems are those which touch upon her own career. The tribute to Bret Harte and his stories, and the other poem, written immediately after the earthquake, which laments the "lost city of my love and my desire," combine felicity of phrasing with a haunting pathetic cadence which arouses prompt emotional response.

The remaining poems, however, must compete on their inherent merits with all others on the universal themes. They are in the tradition, naturally, of the nineteenth century, and recall the popular women poets of that era, sometimes echoing the melodious prettiness of Jean Ingelow, as in the popular "In Blossom Time," but at the best moments challenging serious comparison with Mrs. Browning, and Christina Rossetti. Such poems as "When the Grass Shall Cover Me" and "In the Orchard" have much of Christina Rossetti's clarity and patient intensity:

Tent me within your cool leaf-latticed house,
Pomegranate boughs!
A carpet, sown with blossom-rubies, spread,
A queen might tread.
Toss your pink petal banners to the breeze,
Bloom of the almond trees;
Tide to and fro
In seas of fragrances,
Peach-blow and apple-snow—
Of every blossoming thing I am a part
Since Love is at my heart.

They are talking very busily, the birds,
With such soft words
And sudden just-can't-help-it bursts of song,
The nesting leaves among.
Listen, that thrill and tone!
Was ever such ecstatic rapture known?
Ah, sweethearts! yet a moment pause, I pray—
I know what you say
Since Love is in mine to-day.

There seems to be no doubt that Ina Coolbrith has not yet been accorded her due place in American poetry. Geographical isolation and infrequent publication prevented her from competing with the crowd of minor poets who occupied the interregnum between the New England and the Chicago dynasties. No one would think of proposing her as a rival for the lonely independence of Emily Dickinson, but among the other women poets she deserves a niche. When the anthologies include Lizette Woodworth Reese and Edith M. Thomas, they should not omit Ina Coolbrith.

Youth in Love

FRANKIE AND JOHNNIE. By MEYER LEVIN. New York: John Day Company. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

THE youth of the cities found in Mr. Levin an accomplished and sympathetic chronicler in his first novel "Reporter," founded on his experience as a journalist in Chicago. Less sympathetic is the picture of similar types in love which he calls "Frankie and Johnnie." Johnnie is making twenty-five dollars a week in a mail order house when he meets Frankie, who is still in school. Both are a little afraid to fall in love, yet they are not the shy lovers of conventional fiction. A youth that is inclined to secrecy and furtive embraces, whose romance is alternately composed of evenings in the family parlor and the neighborhood movie house, has little enough opportunity to gain the heights of passion. It is small wonder that after a summer of tawdry courtship their amorous skirmishes end in a night on the beach together, rudely interrupted by an uncompromising cop.

Mr. Levin wastes no words in making his people attractive or their case unusual; it is a kind of common denominator of all love stories, reduced to the barest and most platitudinous essentials. Brutal and frank as it is, the story has its point and an uncomfortable likeness to life. None but the few lovers of realism left at this late date will thoroughly approve Mr. Levin's methods and intentions, but every reader will admit that he has done thoroughly what he set out to do. If his second book is something of a disappointment it is solely because the richness of matter in "Reporter" is here almost too rigorously reduced. The bleak and uncomfortably fleshly tale, unleavened by pity or tenderness, and presented against a background of cruel veracity, succeeds rather in disgusting the reader than in moving him to pity.

SEVERN WOODS

EDITH RICKERT

Co-Author of "Contemporary American Literature"

"What higher tribute can one give an author than to say that a reader loses himself in her story? From the opening sentence, 'In Severn Woods there is no time,' until the last page, the reader is as far removed from the outside world as are, even today, the natives of the hidden corner of old England in which is located the quiet unchanging Severn Forest. . . . A powerful story of passionate love, told with delicacy, simplicity, and understanding, which marks its author as a writer of unusual ability."—PHILADELPHIA LEDGER. $2.50

THE AGE FOR LOVE

ERNEST PASCAL

The story of Jean Hurd, who was more successful as a literary agent than as the wife of a stock-broker. "Excellent stuff in it," says F. P. A., "all of it highly readable." By the author of "The Marriage Bed." $2.50

NONE SO PRETTY

MARGARET IRWIN

"A delightful book," says the *Outlook*. "A deft blend of bitter romance . . . and authentic 17th century scenes which recall 'Orlando.' . . . We could praise it for a page." The English prize historical novel. $2.50

THE DEVIL'S BOOTH

PERCIVAL WILDE

"Frank . . . unconpromising . . . completely absorbing."—*N. Y Times*. A novel of New York, 189- to 192-. $2.50

The great non-fiction success of the season

GRANDEUR AND MISERY OF VICTORY

By GEORGES CLEMENCEAU

is also the most exciting, the most revealing, and the most important book of the year. $5.00

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY
383 Madison Avenue, New York

YALE

THE KINGDOM OF ST. JAMES
By Milo M. Quaife
An accurate, revealing, and intensely interesting narrative of the Mormon church, giving the almost incredible story of James Jesse Strang. $4.00

SETH HARDING: MARINER
By James L. Howard
A tale which carries one back to the scenes of the Revolution, to the very atmosphere in which this down-east Yankee, naval officer lived. $3.00

FRANCE: A STUDY IN NATIONALITY
By André Siegfried
M. Siegfried turns his whimsical and penetrating mind to his own people with the same entertaining results he achieved in his "America Comes of Age." $2.00

ANCIENT PAINTING
By Mary Hamilton Swindler
A splendid presentation of ancient painting from paleolithic to early Christian times, welcomed by all those interested in ancient art. $10.00

EVOLUTION OF EARTH AND MAN
Edited by George A. Baitsell
A remarkable volume which will orient the reader in the theory of evolution and give him a true perspective toward the changing world. $5.00

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS
NEW HAVEN · CONNECTICUT

Swashbuckling Romance!

The Lucky Prisoner

by Arthur, Comte de Gobineau

Swords & saddles, love & intrigue in one of the best of all romantic novels of Old France.

[$2.50]

BRENTANO'S
Publishers, N. Y.

To Booksellers:-

Because the SATURDAY REVIEW reports on new books in every field.

Because it brings to the attention of its readers many books which they might otherwise miss.

Because the weekly reviews will influence those of your patrons who read the SATURDAY REVIEW to add more rapidly to their libraries.

We believe you would find it profitable to have copies of the magazine on sale at your shop.

For information concerning shipment and bulk rates please write to:

Bookstore Department
THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE
25 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LOOK TO THE EAST

By Frederick Palmer

Author of *"Clark of the Ohio,"* etc.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago this noted author and special correspondent made a careful survey of the Orient. Last Fall he retraced his steps, noting the great and significant changes. These he has recorded in his powerful, outspoken book, forecasting coming events from Manchuria to the Philippines. Illustrations and map. $3.00

A HISTORY OF MUSIC

By Grace Gridley Wilm

Author of *"The Appreciation of Music,"* etc.

A COMPLETE survey, for music lover and student alike, with especial evaluation of modern music and composers. Significant works of many composers are interpreted, with illuminating biographical details and references to phonographic examples. Also interesting information about the evolution of instruments, the main forms of music, etc. Illustrated. $3.00

Announcing: THE FIRST OF A GREAT GROUP OF BIOGRAPHIES

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES

STATESMAN OF REUNION

By H. J. ECKENRODE

A BRILLIANT life of a notable American President, whose contribution to the development of the nation is only now being recognized. The story of the leading statesman of the period just following the Tragic Era, whose vision, ability and common-sense transformed America from a distraught agricultural republic into the great industrial giant of today. Illustrated. $5.00

CLAUDE BOWERS writes:

"A fascinating biography that destroys the section-dividing propaganda of brutal years. It is scholarly, brilliant, entertaining and illuminating."

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS says:

"If the series maintains the standard of this first volume, it will be a landmark in American letters and scholarship."

AMERICAN POLITICAL LEADERS

Edited by ALLAN NEVINS

The aim of these biographies is to present thorough, scholarly, interesting lives of political leaders from 1860 to the present, such as Blaine, Tilden, Cleveland, Hay, McKinley, LaFollette, and others. William Allen White, David S. Muzzey, Geoffrey Parsons, Frederic C. Howe, and William Robinson are among the authors of forthcoming volumes.

By Agatha Christie

THE MYSTERIOUS MR. QUIN

By the Author of *"The Murder of Roger Ackroyd"* *"The Mystery of the Blue Train,"* etc.

Agatha Christie, who, as The Outlook says, "always rings the bell" with her mystery tales, presents a new detective, Mr. Harley Quin, in a series of surprises rivalling the exploits of the author's famous Hercule Poirot. $2.00

By William J. Locke

THE TOWN OF TOMBAREL

"This book is entertaining, with many delightful touches of humor and pathos. It is the best thing Mr. Locke has done of late, and the portrait of Tombarel is worthy a place beside those of Septimus and the Beloved Vagabond."—N. Y. Times. "Locke at his best, his wittiest and his most whimsical."—N. Y. Sun. $2.50

OUTDOOR PLAYS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Edited by A. P. Sanford—26 plays for dramatic counsellors of summer camps, recreation centers, on health, safety, sport, patriotism. $2.50

PLAYS FOR GRADUATION DAYS

Edited by A. P. Sanford—a volume of carefully chosen plays for grammar grades and junior high schools. Arranged for simple or elaborate presentation. $2.50

GRADUATION DAY

Edited by A. P. Sanford and Robert H. Schauffler—poems, orations and music, with some plays and pageants arranged for leaders of young people in ths Grammar and Junior High schools especially. $2.00

By John Ferguson

MURDER ON THE MARSH

By the Author of *"The Man in the Dark,"* etc.

Mr. Ferguson, always a dependable creator of mysteries, has outdone himself in this creepy new thriller. The story of a murder, diabolically planned, which turns out to be one of the most ingenious in criminal records. $2.00

By Putnam Weale

THE PORT OF FRAGRANCE

A story laid in a time of crisis and impending danger in the foreign colony of Hongkong. Thrown into relief against this exotic background, carefully and realistically detailed in description, are three women. Each one, caught in the press of great forces, plays her individual role in a powerful, satisfying novel. $2.50

DOOD, MEAD & COMPANY, 449 Fourth Avenue, New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BORZOI BOOKS

Buy Your Books by This Label

THE PARTY DRESS

Joseph Hergesheimer's new novel

"A sparkling, vivid . . . picture of life in a certain stratum of American society . . . . Mr. Hergesheimer has defined and elaborated Nina's conflict with great sympathy and penetration, and his conclusion . . . is completely convincing . . . . It is sparkling and gay and tender and romantically melancholy in Mr. Hergesheimer's best vein."
—*The New York Times* $2.50

» » » **THE IMMORALIST**

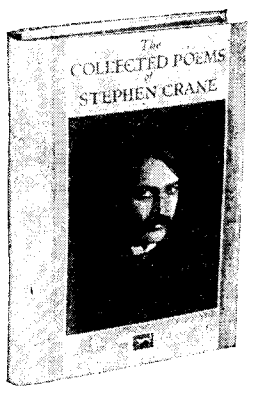
by André Gide

"One of Gide's best novels . . . . André Gide is one of the most luminous and civilized writers of our time."—Pierre Loving, in *The World*. "Gide turns his clear eyes into the obscure corners of the soul . . . . *The Immoralist*, like all of Gide's books, is rewarding and provocative reading."—*The Outlook* $2.50

» » » **THE KRAMER GIRLS**

by Ruth Suckow

In this poignant story of three sisters, Miss Suckow reveals the highest of her art. "Finer than anything she has accomplished hitherto."—*The New York Times*. "A masterpiece of restrained but completely authentic realism."
—*The Buffalo Evening News* $2.50



THE COLLECTED POEMS OF STEPHEN CRANE

author of *The Red Badge of Courage*

Here, for the first time in a popular priced edition, is a complete and definitive collection of the poems of Stephen Crane, containing three poems never before published in book form. $2.50

» » » **A TRUE STORY**

by Stephen Hudson

"I recommend *A True Story* to anyone who likes a novel which tries to be literature, which aims at something more than being an immediate popular success . . . This is a long novel—well over five hundred pages—but I should not have minded if it had been twice as long . . . It enriches one's experience of human life . . ."
—Richard Aldington, in *The Referee (London)* $3.50

» » » **GUERRA**

by Alfred Neumann

author of *The Devil*

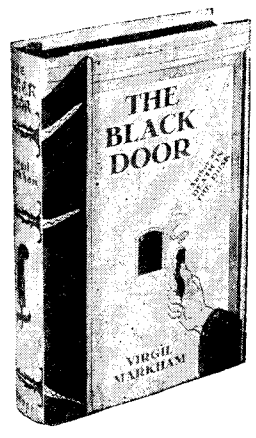
Here is the stirring story of Guerra, the harsh, reckless rebel who grew into the great leader of the Carbonari. With characteristic mastery, Herr Neumann has staged a vivid drama of reaction and revolution in the Italy of 1848. $3.00

THE BLACK DOOR

by Virgil Markham

author of *Death in the Dusk*

Even to their lonely castle off the coast of Wales, a curse pursued the mad Veryans. How the last of them, beautiful Arthura Veryan, is saved from the horrible fate of her family forms one of the most eerie mysteries ever told. $2.50



AT ALL BOOKSHOPS

ALFRED · A · KNOPF · 730 FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

Foreign Literature

Humanism in a Novel

L'HEURE D'ALLUMER LES LAMPES. By LÉO GAUBERT. Paris: La Renaissance du Livre. 1929.

Reviewed by H. D. HILL

THE literature of the struggle between scientific humanism and religion, which was enlarged with the founding of *The Realist* a year ago in England and with the publication of the books of Mr. Lippmann and Mr. Krutch last year in America, has recently received a noteworthy addition in France, this time in the form of a novel. Léo Gaubert, the author of "L'Heure d'Allumer les Lamps," is a physician in Lyons, and at the same time a more than nominal Catholic. He is thus in a position to be sympathetically aware of the two viewpoints whose opposition gives his book its tension.

As the place of his drama he has created the small French mountain town of Selselis (one thinks at once of Lourdes), near which is the Fontaine d'Amour, renowned in pagan times as a temple of Venus and a subject of modern interest as the scene of the visions of Marie Desmarais. This obscure servant girl had recounted her first experiences as a playmate of the infant Jesus and John some forty years before the story opens; Selselis had immediately become a center of pilgrimages and miraculous cures, and Marie was regarded as a saint. Interest had died down during the war, however, only to be revived after its close by the discovery of an unusually rich deposit of radioactive substance there. A group of scientists wish to erect a factory and laboratory on the site of the fountain; local opinion brands their intentions as sacrilege. The future hinges on the question: Is Marie a saint or is she a victim of hysteria? The Père Giraud is sent by Rome to make an investigation for the Church.

The novel which is based upon this situation is not a *roman à thèse*. The people are characters, not pegs for ideas. Nor is the style the straight analytic exposition which one might expect; it is full of color and sound, especially the sound of winter wind and rain: "La lanterne éclara une face d'homme inconnu. Le vent secouait un manteau, faisait rouler toutes sortes de ténèbres." There is Marie, plump, devout, middle-aged, in whom Père Giraud finds no trace of miracle. There are the Jardels, uncle and niece, scientists. There is Bertille, the wife of Père Giraud's old pupil Christophe, whose belief in Marie's sainthood is a vain hope of keeping Christophe from Felicia Jardel. And there is the Curé Laplacette, whose alliance with the Jardels is part of his modernism.

The antithesis of the book is between the humanistic and the religious deduction, between Laplacette and Père Giraud, not between the science of the Jardels, which is essentially a neutral thing, and the religion of Marie, which is essentially a superstitious delusion.

The Capture of the Moon

IN MONDLOSER ZEIT. By HANNS FISCHER. Bad Harzburg: Jungborn Verlag, Rudolf Just. 1929.

Reviewed by AMELIA VON ENDE

DEVIOUS are the ways of history. In its efforts to fathom the secrets of a remote past it is forced to seek light from the myth once looked upon as the childish fabric of a primitive imagination. This is the course pursued by a few German scholars who have turned from the disquieting problems of the post-war present to the elusive Utopian past embodied in the lost Atlantis. Above all others to the historian Leo Frobenius, who said "historical consciousness must have been stronger in man before writing appeared, than since its advent," and who carried on extensive investigations in Nigeria, is due the credit of having recognized the value of the myth to the historian and archæologist.

Hanns Fischer acknowledges his indebtedness to Frobenius, but draws far-reaching conclusions from his finds. Possessed of a stupendous knowledge of the cults and myths of the Aztecs, Tolteks, Incas, Mayas, and our Indians, he correlated them with what Plato, Herodotus, Diodorus, and others reported of the temples and rites of the lost continent. He compared the sculptural and ceramic objects unearthed by Frobenius in Africa with those found in Central and South America and Mexico, and the mounds and pyramids of East and West, and came to the conclusion that when the great cosmic catastrophe overcame the continent which has by deep-sea soundings been located as having been between Africa and South America, the survivors fled east and west and brought with them their culture.

The approximate date of the catastrophe was determined by comparison of Egyptian chronology, which was based upon the solar circle, and the Assyrian, which was based on the lunar. Tracing time back to when the moon first became the Assyrian unit of chronology, gives the date as 11542 B.C. A comparison with the Egyptian gives the same date; so does the Chaldean. The purely scientific interest of Herr Fischer's book centers in such items as this, and in the maps showing the probable location of Atlantis and the path of Atlantic culture east and west. Although there is a list of reference books as appendix, an index of authors referred to in the text would facilitate the task of readers and reviewers.

Dealing with figures that stagger the imagination, "In Mondloser Zeit" is nevertheless most fascinating reading. It contains passages of great poetic beauty and there is throughout a spiritual quality, rare in scientific works. Moreover, the author's comparison of the ancient culture of Atlantis and Polynesia with our go-getting and getting-ahead civilization gives much food for thought and ought to dampen somewhat our pride in what we call "progress."

A Contemporary of Nietzsche

BACHOFEN UND NIETZSCHE. By ALFRED BAEUMLER. Zurich: Verlag der Neuen Schweizer Rundschau. 1930.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL

IT is well known to the students of Nietzsche's life that his appointment to Basle University was one of the turning-points in his career. Some years ago the Swiss critic and historian Dr. Carl Bernoulli emphasized this in his interesting little book "Nietzsche und die Schweiz," in which he described the influence of the various Swiss scholars with whom, personally or in their works, Nietzsche was brought into contact at a very impressionable moment of his life. The chief of these was Jakob Burckardt, but hardly less important was Johann Jakob Bachofen, who, however, has always attracted less general interest than Burckardt by reason of the inferior general appeal of his work. Renaissance culture proved a more popular subject than Greek mysticism, classical folk-lore, and primitive legal institutions, although in the sphere of the last-named Bachofen, with his important book, his life-work, on matriarchal society, "Mutterrecht," published in 1861, has a secure place in the ranks of historians of law and primitive custom. Now it is known that Nietzsche, while living in Basle, met Bachofen—some thirty years his senior—and, more than that, borrowed some of Bachofen's books. There is a record, in Overbeck's correspondence with the philosopher of the Superman, of Bachofen's having sent a friendly message to his young colleague, and we also know that he appreciated the "Birth of Tragedy," in opposition to several other scholars of the day. Yet Bachofen is never mentioned by Nietzsche in any of his work or correspondence. It is idle to speculate on the reasons, but there is much suggestion in a detailed comparison between the two men.

It is this comparison which Herr Baeumler, who has already called much attention to Bachofen by a previous work on him, containing a useful selection from his work, has given us in this brochure. Bachofen, he points out, should have been a very "simpatico" figure to Nietzsche; like him he was in revolt against the prevalent bourgeois optimism of the nineteenth century; like him he looked back to classical antiquity as an ideal to set against the current Prussian idealization of the State. But each started from different premises; Nietzsche was the philosopher and philologist, Bachofen the archæologist and the historian of ancient law. He was also committed to the belief that Christianity, which Nietzsche regarded as the enemy and wished to root out of modern civilization, had triumphed for all time. In other words Bachofen was the detached scholar in his contemplation of classical civilization, Nietzsche was a propagandist philosopher, preaching a crusade, passionately advocating an ideal. It is from this point of view that Herr Bauemler examines the resemblances, and still more importantly, the differences, between Bachofen and Nietzsche. The result should be of great and fresh interest to all who are interested in the career of Nietzsche up to his quarrel with Wagner.

It is proposed to erect a memorial at Davos, in Switzerland, to James Elroy Flecker, the English poet, who died there in 1915. Flecker, who was only thirty when he died, was a son of the Rev. W. H. Flecker, formerly headmaster of Dean Close School, Cheltenham. His best-known poem was probably "The Golden Journey."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Biography

THE LAST FRONTIER. By ZACK T. SUTLEY. Macmillan. 1930. $4.

We have had a flood of Western memoirs recently. But very few books of this kind will compare for authenticity and interest with Mr. Sutley's. By this time the wary reader can pretty well predict the traps and failures into which the average half-informed old-timer is likely to fall in compiling his reminiscences. Mr. Sutley avoids them all. He knows history as well as his own relation to it, and there is little which the most exacting expert can complain of in his work. His wanderings extended from Pennsylvania to the Great Salt Lake, from the Gulf of Mexico to Hudson Bay, and touch most of the states in the Mississippi Valley. And the author is a man sensitive to landscape: some of the most pleasing passages in his book are the incidental descriptions—at once exact and suggestive—of the country where his scenes are laid. He was also a keen observer of men, and introduces us to Kit Carson, Jim Bridges, Brigham Young, Buffalo Bill, Jesse James, Wild Bill and his slayer, and to General Custer. His estimates of these historic figures form one of the most significant features of the book, for they are freshly seen and honestly set down. And he is no less sympathetic and clear-eyed when it comes to famous Indians: Sitting Bull, Red Cloud, and the rest. There is no surer test of an old-timer's knowledge, intelligence, and character than his attitude towards the Indian of the frontier, for a just decision in this matter meant independent observation, thought, and courage. Mr. Sutley meets the test here also.

The book is full of adventure, of dangerous encounters with Indians, road agents, deputy sheriffs, and bad men, and all presented with a detail and intimacy that are entirely convincing. If there is a criticism to be offered, it is that the author is too modest, and too often retires his personal adventures behind a curtain of regional history. But in this modesty, too, we have a stamp of genuineness, for this was the character of the true-bred frontiersman of the old days. This book cannot be omitted from any library which pretends to completeness in the field of Western history.

JOSÉ ANTONIO PÁEZ. By R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM. Macrae-Smith. 1930. $5.

Most Americans even if they are not entirely ignorant of the name of Simon Bolivar, who freed the immense territory of Spanish America from its allegiance to the mother country, will be unable to place José Antonio Páez with any accuracy. Mr. Cunninghame Graham is a professional enthusiast for things South American and hence obscure to most Anglo-Saxons. The complicated annals of the other republics of this hemisphere hold no secrets from him. Yet with all the faith in the world it may be doubted that he will succeed in instructing many of us about the adventurous life of Páez, who created Venezuela and fought by the side of Bolivar against the Spanish. His life is an amazing testimony to the fact that anything is possible in warfare of this kind. Born poor and living most of his life under conditions of the greatest danger and hardship, he not merely succeeded in winning more than once victories which are to his countrymen as important as Yorktown and Gettysburg to us, but also served twice as President and Dictator of his country, only to be exiled and disgraced in the end. His long career contains nearly everything in the way of warlike happenings both disastrous and favorable that it is possible to imagine, yet he came through it all unscathed only to be nearly killed when his horse fell with him in the course of a parade down Broadway in 1858. An unusual person, content to be a cowboy rather than general or statesman, he was idolized by his soldiers during his life, and after his death by his previously ungrateful countrymen.

Mr. Cunninghame Graham is a specialist in these matters, and as in his "A Brazilian Mystic" shows an intimate understanding of his subject possible only because of his long experience in the region of the Llanos. Yet there are certain annoying inaccuracies in the spelling of names and the citation of authorities. His book gives signs of inefficient proofreading while its general looseness of design bespeaks haste in composition. Though his work might have been better performed, it is the sort of thing that only the author could have handled at all, and he is to be thanked for it,—and especially for including an excellent map of Venezuela at the end of his complicated and difficult bit of history.

Fiction

WINTER SONATA. By DOROTHY EDWARDS. Dutton. 1930. $2.50.

This is a monotone in grays—a picture rather than music. It is the picture of a village, six people living simply and uneventfully in it, walking at intervals along its quiet streets, calling upon one another, yet having little to say once they are together. Gray trees without leaves, snow circling down from a gray sky, a moon hanging low, dim in the mist that presages more snow. Only three black firs accent the scene and make the rest more gray. There is no story and only a suggestion of character. No greater emotions are uncovered than the anemic yearnings of a pale postal clerk, satisfied when his lady smiles at him through the little window. The family on the hill lives gently—a shrewd aunt, a restless niece and a calm one, a young man visiting from the city. The possibilities of plot would seem to lie latent there. Yet the personalities neither stir one another to action or love or ambition, nor do they clash.

The book is provocative. Because of the very sparcity of incidents, every gesture and every remark assumes significance. And each one, even under scrutinizing attention, rings unfalteringly true. Behind the gray curtain of swirling snow, the figures, though dimmed, are real. We understand these mild people. And when the book is finished, we want to sit down and listen to a story about them. Something must happen, we tell ourselves impatiently. There are motives and psychological twists underneath the surface of all life. But the author has resolutely confined herself to the monotonous exterior. And for all our impatience we come to feel that in so doing she has accomplished a work of real beauty. The village remains serenely still, a village where there is no ebb and flow of life,—a village never orientated in time or place. If this be a sonata, there is no lively scherzo in it, no brilliant rondo. There are only andantinos with simple themes that are never developed.

MARTIN BIRCK'S YOUTH. By HJALMAR SÖDERBERG. Harpers. 1930. $3.

The translator introduces Söderberg as "an Anatole France of Sweden," and whatever the well-meaning phrase may imply one expects at least to find a suave style and the accomplished irony of a cynical cosmopolitan. Yet in reality, while we may take Mr. Stork's word in regard to the style, "Martin Birck's Youth" recalls in substance not so much the ingenuities of Mme. de Caillavet's famous protégé as the more wistful adventures of Arthur Schnitzler's hesitant Don Juans. The childhood part of the hero's life is much like the fictionized reminiscences of any other writer in the early years of this century, before psychology first and then the war and finally Proust distracted and complicated them. The touches of Stockholm local color are often charming but not important.

The later portion of the book is more unusual. Indeed, considering that Söderberg's first novel was published in 1907, his avoidance of the conventional in plot and technique is extraordinarily bold. At a date when Mrs. Wharton's "House of Mirth" was shocking American readers the absence of any illusory and all-excusing romance, the life of the hero in a government backwater, and his final contentment in a quiet attachment to a middle-aged mistress, must all have seemed both daring and disappointing to most readers. In Scandinavia, it seems, these things were even then ordered better, or at least in more modern fashion, than on this side of the water where Ibsen himself had scarcely been accepted as yet.

Today Söderberg's novel is pale and a little uncertain in its disillusion after our deluge of war and whiskey, but it remains a good piece of work for its time. Mr. Stork, who has rendered the book into English seemingly in adequate fashion, tells us a good deal about the author in his introduction, and is to be applauded for his enthusiasm,—though why he should persist in calling Söderberg a "naughty child" (the Swedish author was born in 1869) remains a mystery.

(*Continued on next page*)

New Scribner Books

Critics are praising these new publications

My Life — **by Leon Trotsky**
An Attempt at an Autobiography

"Vastly interesting . . . shot through with good passages . . . a wizard's brew of words, poetry, invective, and lucid analysis."—*New York Herald Tribune.* 604 *pages.* $5.00

Long Hunt — **by James Boyd**
A novel by the author of "Drums," etc.

"His picture is admirably composed. . . . Mr. Boyd is an artist, not a dispenser of 'historical' hokum. . . . Above all, 'Long Hunt' is a good story."—*New York Times.* 376 *pages.* $2.50

The Unknown Washington — **by John Corbin**

"Mr. Corbin's book will take a position quite its own. It is the first thorough examination of Washington's position in our constitutional history. . . . His drastic independence of thinking has borne happy fruits."—ALLAN NEVINS in the *New York Times.* 454 *pages.* $4.00

Brawny Wycherley — **by Willard Connely**
Courtier, Wit and Playwright

"His life makes fascinating and enriching biography. . . . A vivid picture of the playwright and his time."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.* 352 *pages.* $3.00

Ur of the Chaldees — **by C. Leonard Wooley**

"Told in a clear direct narrative it is a thing to fascinate even those who know little or nothing of the people once living in Ur."—*New York Times.* 207 *pages.* 16 *illustrations.* $2.50

Art and Scholasticism — **by Jacques Maritain**
author of "Three Reformers," etc.

"The most exciting contemporary book on æsthetics that I know of."—MARY M. COLUM in the *New York Herald Tribune.* $2.50

at your bookstore

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

★ ★ ★ **Completing**

★ THE GREATEST EVENT IN MODERN FICTION ★

The appearance on April 10 of THE WAY HOME by Henry Handel Richardson completes the publication of her *magnum opus*—the trilogy of Mary and Richard Mahony. 100,000 American readers have waited anxiously for the earlier two novels: and many others have postponed reading ULTIMA THULE until they had read AUSTRALIA FELIX and THE WAY HOME.

Now you can read all three parts of this gigantic story in the order in which they were written.

The Trilogy of
HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON

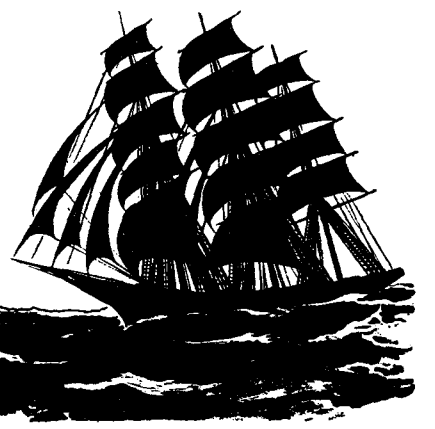
1
AUSTRALIA FELIX
Happy Australia! That was what the early settlers called the country. And here begins Richard Mahony's story—the story of one who was to find love, adventure, wealth, and drama, but never happiness.
Published January, 1930. $2.50

2
THE WAY HOME
"They change their skies, but not themselves, who go across the seas." This was what Richard was to learn when, having made his fortune, he tried to find again his old life in England. Just published. $2.50

3
ULTIMA THULE
Here, in the most memorable events of his life, the story of Richard Mahony is brought to its nobly tragic close. To its close also comes the most profoundly real and moving tragedy of our time. Published September, 1929. $2.50

W. W. NORTON & COMPANY, INC.
70 Fifth Avenue
New York
Books that Live

"With the complete history of Richard Mahony before us, we can at last estimate its place in English fiction. We expect that discriminating readers will place it on a level with, if not higher than, Galsworthy's Forsyte Chronicles; nor are we unreasonable in suggesting that it may be considered the soundest accomplishment of English fiction in the twentieth century."
The Saturday Review of Literature



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

THE PLEASURE HOUSE. By COSMO HAMILTON. Putnams. 1930. $2.

In this highly interesting romantic novel Mr. Hamilton tells the story of a gallant English gentleman, Colonel Redvers,—"dear old Frankie,"—who, unable to withstand post-war penury and maintain his invalid wife and numerous progeny in comfort, conducts in his London home an exclusive gambling resort frequented by the cream of the town. He is continually close-pressed to meet the expenses of his non-self-supporting brood, and when driven into an unusually tight corner, reluctantly sanctions the engagement of his eldest daughter, the handsome, selfish Jane, to an easily snared young millionaire, a match that promises to repair the ruined family fortunes. But the prospective catch loves the steadfast little sister, Jill, whom an ageing exquisite, holding threat of a police raid over the harassed Frankie, also covets for his bride. All these troubles and complications are at length cleared away by gradually evolved readjustments in Jill's, her boy's, and her dear daddy's temporarily disturbed lives. Unlike the majority of the Hamilton novels, this book contains some really fine and convincing character portraits—that of Frankie is particularly impressive—and though the sentimental factors are in spots too unrestrained, the story is by long odds the author's best in several years.

EXPATRIATES AT LARGE. By CHARLES BEADLE. Macaulay. 1930. $2.

The worst features of the American artist colony of Montparnasse are subjected to a cruel castigation, by virulent caricature, in this bizarre story of the post-war Latin Quarter. Viewed as a novel, the work is formless, lacking in all trace of dramatic development, in coherency of situations, and sanity of characterization. The half-distracted young sophisticates of both sexes who reel through its pages in a perpetual state of strident drunkenness may be accepted as side-splitting burlesques of familiar transplanted types, and thus regarded there is a vast deal of merriment to be found in the spectacle of their debauched existence. There is savagely satirical humor in their befuddled endeavors to express their inmost selves in speech, through dialogue, the medium in which much of the story is written, enlivened by a rich order of cynical humor. It would be possible to discover signs of a slyly serious intention in certain portions of the book, but more obviously the tale is a fantastic, brilliantly concocted, utterly unsubstantial extravaganza which should delight the frivolous and affront the sober-minded reader.

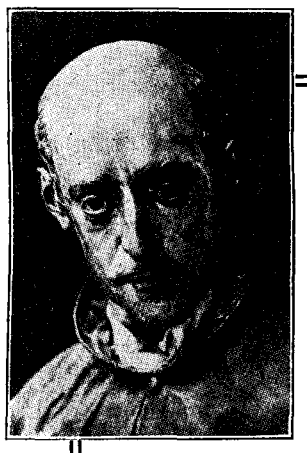
FIVE SISTERS. By VIOLET KAZARINE. Covici-Friede. 1930. $2.50.

In Villa Felicité, smoking, drinking, swearing at the French maid, five sisters plan to spend a holiday—five English sisters, tall, swagger, beautiful, and well-born, five reckless, violent women, bitter toward one another, scornful of the world, utterly ruthless, hurling themselves headlong in their passions, and crashing to destruction. The tubercular sister dies in her lover's arms—and that lover, a sister's husband! The youngest and the softest loses her husband on the eve of marriage, by the pistol shot of his mistress. A third sister reels drunkenly through the story—to a sanitorium! There is no balance among them all, and very little intelligence. There is no depth of feelings in the characters and no beauty. As a straight tale, "Five Sisters" is cheap and melodramatic. But as a comment on capricious femininity, on the cruelty and vindictiveness of passionate women thrown for a time into unwelcome intimacy, it is incisive and thorough. "'Five daughters,' the Missionary said . . . and Chaka snapped the fingers of his left hand . . . to avert evil spirits."

DAGGER. By *Mary Dahlberg*. Duffield. $2.

TO LOVE AND TO CHERISH. By *Constance Trivers Sweatman*. Smith. $2.

(*Continued on next page*)



He founded the greatest secret society of all times

THE POWER AND SECRET OF THE JESUITS

by René Fülöp-Miller

A history, a biography, a story of civilization . . . . a true and unbiased account of the great Order of fighters and philosophers, statesmen and priests, spies and scientists . . . a life of Ignatius Loyola as exciting as the author's *Rasputin, the Holy Devil* . . . a history of the world for four hundred years that unrolls like a brilliantly directed motion picture . . . . a story of culture, of exploration, of religion, art, philosophy and life.

Catholics and non-Catholics alike and the great writers and critics of the Continent are hailing it as a supreme picture of the world and civilization. Send for the free illustrated circular with its excerpts from comments by Selma Lagerlöf, Jacob Wassermann, Maurice Maeterlinck, Bruno Frank and scores of others.

544 pages of fascinating text, 143 magnificent illustrations, beautifully bound and printed, at the amazingly low price of $5.

18 East 48th St. THE VIKING PRESS *New York City*

The Wit's Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 84. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the most amusing Serious Dialogue with the Devil. (Entries may be in prose—not exceeding 400 words—or verse—40 lines—, but must in either case reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of May 5.)

Competition No. 85. A First Prize of Ten dollars and a Second Prize of five dollars are offered for the best Sea Chanties to be sung by the first-class passengers on a modern liner. (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of May 19.)

Attention is called to the Rules printed below.

THE EIGHTIETH COMPETITION

The prize for the best short rhymed poem called "Country Auction" has been awarded to Elizabeth Wray, of Sewickley, Pa.

THE PRIZE POEM

COUNTRY AUCTION

THE spinet braved the auction block,
Aloof among the oak and pine,
As proud as Marie Antoinette
Mounted upon the guillotine.

The fragile rosewood case was scarred,
That once reflected candlelight.
Slim, ladies' hands once touched the keys
That matched them white for ivory white.

Hovered over by ghosts of songs,
Ballad, love song and lullaby,
Sung in a pretty, parlor voice,
Sung for a strong man standing by;

Small ghosts of children practising,
Brave ghosts of men, sweet ghosts of maids,
With common bureaus, jimcrack chairs,
Unblessed by proud patrician shades,

The spinet heard the auctioneer
Close out the bid,—a farmer's wife
The buyer, who'd wanted a spinet desk
To grace the front room all her life.

Hoisted onto the farmer's cart,
The wires tinkled, a tiny sigh,
Sigh of a beauty forced to drudge,
Resigned and proud, but still a sigh.

ELIZABETH WRAY.

Another very popular competition. Arjeh was the only competitor who chose to interpret "Auction" as a bridge game—

Even a rose will cling to its last petal
As if it were the thirteenth trump, and settle
Back in its bed as if, this year, it hadn't
Held decent hands at all, and, saddened,
Glance at the score of "WE," and find it vacant.

Milton C. Work would walk a mile to hear 'em.
Post mortems sunt — yes, sunt — lachrymæ rerum.

Most of the other entries were devoted to pathetic and would-be pathetic sketches of helpless old ladies being sold-up. Eleanor Glenn Wallis, Homer M. Parsons, Bert Leach, and Lucy T. Bartlett were the best of those who disintegrated the family home without overdoing the sentiment. But I liked Margaret McGarvey's old lady who remained calm until—

. . . her neighbor down the road
(The one for whom she sometimes sewed)
Bid in the bed with real *brass knobs*
She had to choke back sudden sobs.

Of those who made the most of the auctioneer, W. F. Bradbury and Billy B. Cooper deserve praise. Barbara Williams contented herself with an imaginative and well-felt retrospection in the garden *after* the sale, but she should avoid the too-close juxtaposition of rhyming like *lawn, dawn, worn, torn,* which, to my ear, echoes unfortunately. Nevertheless her poem was one of the best of the week.

The final choice lay between Alice Boorman Williamson (who also offered a Rondeau), Charlotte Parks, William E. Willner, and Elizabeth Wray who takes the prize, chiefly because of her last verse. Some of these poems are printed below.

COUNTRY AUCTION

I

Will all this love that's ours, Bernice,
Now full and calm, now furious,
Be taken one day, piece by piece,
And offered to the curious;

And must we, some day, grin and bear it,
When things that now seem little graces
Are taken from our old love's garret,
—To draw, ev'n from the kind, grimaces?

Or shall we have an "if" at starting,
And swear, before we ever marry,
To burn our love's whole house at parting,
And cheat both fool and antiquary?

WILLIAM E. WILLNER.

II

Gone are the family far and wide;
Some married strangers; others died.

Here are the outworn household wares;
Nobody wants them; no one cares.

* * *

Lanky and lean is the Auctioneer,
Tapping his hammer: we crane to hear.

"Ladies and gents, this is bargain day;
Let's make it lively, step this way.

What am I bid for this parlor set?
It saw some courtin', I'd like to bet!

And here's a cradle—you needn't blush,
The cradle follers the lovin' mush!"

With running comment he "knocks them down,"
Each quip adds height to a great renown;

His wit is famous; the people buy
Beneath the spell of his merry eye.

* * *

Little by little the place grows clear;
The groups of the villagers disappear.

Lonely and empty, the house is left,
Of all but memories now bereft.

The old oak broods on the trampled lawn,
Murmuring, "Going—going—GONE!"

ALICE BOORMAN WILKINSON.

III

The day was gay and I hummed a tune,
And I found some treasures very soon:
A pewter plate and a wooden spoon!

A crazy-quilt sang against the sky—
Bright as a gypsy dancing by—
Mad as the flight of a butterfly!

Smooth old walnut, curly birch,
A tired-voiced organ from a small white church,
A low-backed sofa with a sailor's lurch—

I touched a cradle and a counterpane,
Saw a barrel that had loved the rain,
And left two wishes for a pot and crane!

CHARLOTTE PARKS.

RULES

Competitors failing to comply with the following rules will be disqualified. Envelopes should be addressed to Edward Davison, *The Saturday Review of Literature,* 25 West 45th Street, New York City. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. The Editor's decision is final and *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Murder Will Out

By EUGENE REYNAL

WITHOUT doubt the best mystery in recent weeks is "The Door," by Mary Roberts Rinehart (Farrar & Rinehart). It has everything a really good mystery needs. All the characters are introduced at the beginning, the situations and crimes are complicated but plausible. The narrative is smooth and at all times entertaining, and the solution, although not entirely satisfactory, is certainly well concealed.

The story is told in the first person by an elderly woman whose quiet life is suddenly disrupted by a series of inexplicable murders. A trained nurse, who has been with various members of the family for years, walks out of the house for an evening stroll and three days later is found brutally murdered and hidden in a sewer. There was no mystery in her life—nothing in any of her connections that would give a clue to the tragedy, yet somehow the family seemed inevitably implicated. Other murders follow, and as different relations become involved, the narrator finds herself in the predicament of trying to solve the crimes and at the same time concealing evidence to hold the police at bay.

The somewhat rambling turn of mind of Elizabeth Jane as she tells her story enables the author to anticipate the action of her novel, and at the same time to complicate, without in any way obstructing, her plot. It is a clever device, and your suspense is kept at high pitch to the last sentence.

For those of you whose wits are sharp I will say that the first clue is given in the first chapter. If you are patient, if your observation is acute, and if you rehearse the possibilities as each new clue is given, you should deduce the murderer, although the motive will escape you until the end. Trust the author and the casual way in which she gives her evidence. Then, if you are cleverer than I am, you should be able to outwit her. Check this as number one for your next visit to a bookstore.

The Crime Club choice for April, "Mystery Mile," is a distinctly interesting detective story, thoroughly modern in mood, and yet suggestive in its construction of the early Conan Doyles. Margery Allingham, the author, has an alert, inventive mind that transforms the incongruous, the artificial, and the somewhat hackneyed elements of mystery writing into quite vivid and startling effects. The Holmes-Moriarity motive predominates, with a generous sprinkling of rescue of girl about to be tortured by the arch-criminals, duel between detective and master mind isolated in wilderness, and the final swallowing up of Sinister in the quicksands of a swamp. It is grand stuff, entertainingly written, and although you are never invited to do much detecting of your own, you are legitimately held in nervous anticipation of the final dénouement.

A word about the detective who is amusingly overdrawn as a babbling dilettante who always comes through at the right moment. He is a clever creation, and the author succeeds in surrounding him with a certain mystery that is capped by a superb finale. She leaves you at the end of the novel in that same suspense as to his identity and to his future movements that Doyle so successfully used to tie up his collection of stories. You will like this book, and I heartily recommend it to your attention.

In my last review I neglected to mention "Somewhere in This House," which has the great merit of confining the possible suspects to not more than four people, and which yet is so skilfully handled by Rufus King that you are not ready to declare with certainty the actual murderer until the author is willing to reveal him. A maid is shot but not killed in a snowbound house in Vermont. In the house at the time are only a man and his wife on the verge of separation, and the man's father. After the detective and doctor appear the list of characters is complete. Yet when the murder subsequently occurs, I, at least, was baffled almost to the end as to the outcome.

Read it and see how simply a good mystery story can be told. It is published by the Crime Club.

To anyone familiar with the works of G. D. H. Cole in economics and politics it is indeed stimulating to meet him as co-author with his wife of as unusual a detective story as "The Berkshire Mystery" (Brewer & Warren). I suppose I should have met Superintendent Wilson of Scotland Yard in some of their well-known earlier novels, but meeting him now for the first time, I present him to you with my warmest endorsement. The story is unusual in style and ingenious in the handling of a complicated and original plot.

The New Books

Fiction

(Continued from preceding page)

THE WOLF TRACKER. By *Zane Grey*. Harpers.
PLUME OF THE ARAWAS. By *Frank O. V. Acheson*. Neale.
THE SORROWS OF YOUNG WERTHER. Translated by *William Rose*. London: Scholartis Press.
HEREDITY AND ENVIRONMENT. By *Walter S. Smith*. Boston: Meador.
AMERICAN SHORT STORIES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. Edited by *John Cournos*. (Everyman's Library). Dutton. 80 cents.
MULBERRY SQUARE. By *Lida Larrimore*. Macrae-Smith. $2.
THE LUCKY PRISONER. By *Arthur Comte de Gobineau*. Brentanos. $2.50.

Foreign

TALLEYRAND. By *G. Lacour-Gayet*. Paris: Payot.
LA CÉRAMIQUE FRANÇAISE MODERNE. By *Marcel Valotaire*. Paris: Van Oest.
LA RELIURE FRANÇAISE. By *Etienne Deville*. Paris: Van Oest.

History

ANTI-SLAVERY SENTIMENT IN AMERICAN LITERATURE PRIOR TO 1865. By *Lorenzo Dow Turner*. Washington, D. C.: Association for the Study of Negro Life and History.

(Continued on next page)

• New MACMILLAN Books •

"A Colossal Pioneer"

JOHNSON OF THE MOHAWKS

A NEW BIOGRAPHY

By ARTHUR POUND in Collaboration with Richard E. Day

No man in the colonial days of America lived a more curious and exciting life than Sir William Johnson — Mohawk war chief, British baronet, American empire builder. His active role in opening the way to the West through the Mohawk valley filled his days with as many swift events as he had children — and he was reputed to be the father of a hundred. When he died on the eve of the Revolution he was as famed as Washington. This is the story of his life in all of its fullness.

"The burly baronet stands alone. There is no figure in American history like him... Arthur Pound deserves our warmest thanks for accomplishing what one had thought well-nigh impossible. Even at this late date he has added a great organic figure to American history, one who stands out not only as a most notable American, but also as a noble, courageous, and highly successful man, a genuine addition to the gallery of the world's worthies... Splendid story... Recommending this fine book with enthusiastic conviction..."—*The Atlantic Monthly* $5.00

"Will Stand Beside Uncle Remus"

BLACK GENESIS

By Samuel Gaillard Stoney and Gertrude Mathews Shelby

Here is a new story of creation, spun out of the primitive imagination of the Gullah negro of South Carolina and transcribed in a dialect which retains all of the rich flavor and fancy of the tales transmitted through many generations. Many familiar characters from the Garden of Eden appear in explanation of how animals and humans got this way.

"There can be no doubt," writes Du Bose Heyward, author of *Porgy*, "that these stories of the South Carolina coast negroes will take their place beside the Georgia legends of Joel Chandler Harris, for they possess to an extraordinary degree the inimitable and imaginative character of the race." *Illustrated* $3.50

Germany's "Iron Man"

HINDENBURG

A BIOGRAPHY

By Rudolph Weterstetten

This is a full biography of President von Hindenburg, whose life has been closely woven with German history and development for three decades. The author has known him from his childhood days in Bavaria and to this intimate familiarity with the subject, he has added much material drawn from official sources. Probable price $2.50

THE RISE AND FALL OF GERMANY'S COLONIAL EMPIRE

By Mary Evelyn Townsend

The complete story of how Germany won and lost a vast colonial empire within one generation, "told with a wealth of historical detail and constant evidence of painstaking and profound research."—*N. Y. Times* $5.00

FRAGMENTS OF A POLITICAL DIARY

By Dr. Joseph M. Baernreither
Edited by Joseph Redlich

The diaries left by the late Austrian statesman form the basis for this work, which deals particularly with foreign policy in Central-Southern Europe just prior to the War.
Probable price $4.00

"Incomparably Great"

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE FRENCH PEOPLE

By Charles Guignebert

"The real France, however, is the French people, for whose history we have had to wait until Charles Guignebert, Professor in the University of Paris, completed his... two volumes... The treatise is incomparably great; for a history of the people of France as opposed to the country itself, all roads should lead to it."—*The Outlook* 2 vols. $15.00

Volume I Now Ready

ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF THE SOCIAL SCIENCES

Edwin R. A. Seligman, Editor-in-Chief
Alvin Johnson, Associate Editor

"A monumental reference work... both as a historically discriminating survey of mankind's already accomplished facts in the social sciences, as a live and intelligent record of the immediate present, and as an understanding and tolerant prediction of future development."—*New York Evening Post*

"Special uses for scholars... An invaluable source of information for the general reader."—*New York Times*

To be complete in Fifteen Volumes
$7.50 each—$112.50 the Set

THE THEORY OF INTEREST

By Irving Fisher

Professor Fisher offers a greatly expanded treatise on the general theory of interest for financial and industrial leaders as well as professional economists. $6.00

New Novels

GUESTS OF SUMMER

By Paul M. Fulcher

The romance of an American boy and a French girl, threaded with the story of his strange birth and stranger meeting with his unknown mother in Paris. The novel is distinguished for the compassionate quality of its prose and its sympathetic treatment of character. $2.50

THE COMPANY

By Edwin Seaver

No novel of the spring has received more unequivocal praise from America's leading critics. It is wholly unlike any novel cast in the conventional mold. Idwal Jones says: "He probes into the push-buttoned, genteel and cheaply hired appanage of Big Business, referred to vaguely as 'the office'... *The Company* is admirable for its ring of truth, detachment and novelty of style." $2.00

THE CAR OF CROESUS

By Ernest Poole

For entertainment, read this story of mad adventures about Manhattan in a gilded chariot, hired at $100 an hour and chauffeured by a Russian Prince in disguise. It is full of surprises, gaiety, drama. $2.00

New Mysteries

WHY MURDER THE JUDGE?

By Claude S. Hammock

Judge Stilwell is murdered after a dinner party at his home in New York in the presence of eight people, each of whom had a logical motive for killing him. Probus Thorne, an astute, shrewd and amusing character, erases the question mark in a delightful way. $2.00

THE WHITE PANTHERS

By Derek Vane

On the seventh evening of every month four men met in a mysterious black and gold room to play "bridge". They called themselves the White Panthers and the game they played involved danger, intrigue, quick wits and strong nerve. This story of their activities provides exciting reading. $2.00

THE SUBTLE TRAIL

By Joseph Gollomb

Author of *The Portrait Invisible*

This latest "Goldfish" mystery re-introduces one of the finest detective creations in many years. The crime which he solves is most ingenious and requires the full use of his remarkable psychological powers. $2.00

HISTORY OF ALASKA

By Henry W. Clark

Mr. Clark presents a complete picture of geographic and climatic features of Alaska, its discovery and exploration, the Russian occupation, its purchase by the United States, the Gold Rush era, territorial government, social, economic and intellectual development, and present-day aspects and problems. $2.50

THE GROWING BOY

By Paul Hanly Furfey

What, exactly, happens to the boy between his sixth and sixteenth year? This book is an attempt to find an answer to this question through a study of many groups of boys. Parents, teachers and social workers will find both the case studies and the conclusions of the author highly interesting and valuable. $2.00

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY ~ ~ ~ 60 Fifth Avenue ~ ~ ~ NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Anthology of Invective and Abuse

Edited by
HUGH KINGSMILL

"It should be read."—*Dean Inge.*
"A book full of juicy plums."—*Louis Gannett, N. Y. Herald Tribune.*
"Full of delectable examples."—*Boston Transcript.*
"A delightful anthology."—*Outlook and Independent.*
"A good idea."—*Time Magazine.*
"Should help those who feel something lacking in their vocabulary."—*Argonaut.*
Bound in Japan Vellum. Boxed $2.50

The Unrealists:

James, Bergson, Santayana, Einstein, Bertrand Russell, John Dewey, Alexander and Whitehead.

By HARVEY WICKHAM

In this book, which completes the trilogy begun by "The Misbehaviourists" and continued in "The Impuritans," Harvey Wickham carries the war into the very tents of the generals of modernistic thought. Speaking of Harvey Wickham *The New York Times* says, "He is brilliant and admirable. Wickham must be taken seriously. He is a force."

"It gives a pleasant, aesthetic thrill to witness so much bad reason bravely and finally condemned. A book to be chuckled over, pondered on and relished."—*John W. Lane in The New York Sun.*
Illustrated $3.50

The Worst Journey in the World

By APSLEY CHERRY-GARRARD

"One of the most remarkable books of recent years. The author, the one survivor of a Polar journey, gives a thrilling and authentic account of the trip and so effectively is it done that the reader forgets how comfortable he is in his arm-chair."

"Absolutely and convincingly credible. Compared with it Amundsen's victorious rush to the South Pole seems as cheerful as a trip to Margate."—*George Bernard Shaw.* $5.00

The Great Crusade

By COL. JENNINGS C. WISE

An American officer, well known to official Washington, writes frankly and fearlessly of the late war, and gives us intimate glimpses of many national figures from "Teddy" Roosevelt, Lady Astor, Henry C. Stimson to Leonard Wood and President Wilson.

"This book should constitute for all time one of the best and most authentic narratives of the battle scenes in which the American Expeditionary Forces participated."—*Major General Henry T. Allen, Late Commander of the American Army of Occupation on the Rhine.*

"A strong and interesting story of the Great War deserving to be a best seller."—*Rear Admiral W. L. Rodgers.* $2.00

The Golden Key

By HELEN BERGER

Author of "Judy's Man."

A story of fashionable Washington and upper Bohemian circles of San Francisco.
"A clean, sentimental love story in which love proves to be the only 'golden key.' Will appeal to the followers of Temple Bailey."—*The New York Times.* $2.00

Following Footsteps

By JEFFERSON FARJEON

Author of "The 5:18 Mystery," "The Person Called Z," etc.

Another story full of the mystification, action and humor that have put Mr. Farjeon in the front rank of mystery and detective story writers.

"One of the most brilliant of the younger generation of mystery writers. Mr. Farjeon is a born story teller."—*Scientific Detective Monthly.* $2.00

LINCOLN MACVEAGH
THE DIAL PRESS NEW YORK

The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Miscellaneous

COBBETT'S CYCLOPEDIC SURVEY OF CHAMBER MUSIC. Compiled and edited by Walter Willson Cobbett. Vol. II. I—Z. Oxford University Press.

THE AMERICA'S CUP RACES. By *Herbert L. Stone.* Macmillan. $3.50.

MODERN POLITICAL CONSTITUTIONS. By *C. F. Strong.* Putnam. $3.50.

BEHAVIORISM. Edited by *William C. King.* Cokesbury.

STRINDBERG'S DRAMATIC EXPRESSIONISM. By *Carl Enoch William Leonard Dahlström.* University of Michigan Press.

AMERICAN CHARITIES AND SOCIAL WORK. By *Amos G. Warner, Stuart A. Queen,* and *Ernest B. Harper.* Crowell. $3.75.

CAMPING AND EDUCATION. By *Bernard S. Mason.* McCall. $3.

THE PASSION WEEK. By *Walter E. Bundy.* Willett, Clark & Colby. $2.

THE THACKERAY ALPHABET. By *William Makepiece Thackeray.* Harpers.

PARLIAMENTARY LAW. By *Edith Theall Chafee.* Crowell. $1.

THE ACOUSTICS OF ORCHESTRAL INSTRUMENTS AND OF THE ORGAN. By *E. G. Richardson.* Oxford University Press. $2.50.

WHAT TREE IS THAT? By *E. G. Cheyney.* Appleton. $2.

THE COURTESAN OLYMPIA. By *C. J. Bullut.* Covici-Friede. $5.

COÖRDINATED MOTOR—RAIL—STEAMSHIP TRANSPORTATION. By *G. Lloyd Wilson.* Appleton. $3.50.

THE NEGRO IN WASHINGTON. By *A. H. Shannon.* Neale.

THE PERSONALITY OF A HOUSE. By *Emily Post.* Funk & Wagnalls. $4.

THE FORGOTTON CLUE. By *H. Ashton Wolfe.* Houghton Mifflin. $3.

THE INFLUENCE OF FINE PRINTING. By *W. Arthur Cole.* Pittsburgh: Carnegie Institute of Technology.

GRADUATION DAY. Compiled and edited by *A. P. Sanford* and *Robert Haven Schauffler.* Dodd, Mead. $2.

HUMANISM. By *Charles Francis Potter.* Simon & Schuster. $1.50.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE ART OF MUSIC. By *C. Hubert Parry.* Revised by *H. C. Colles.* Appleton. $3.50.

Philosophy

THE HUMAN MIND. By KARL A. MENNINGER. Knopf. 1930.

This book represents the effort of one of our younger psychiatrists, Dr. Karl A. Menninger, to present his views regarding the comprehension and management of the borderline cases of abnormal psychology. While from both its literary style and mechanical make-up, it leaves much to be desired, nevertheless it consists of an invaluable collection of cases illustrative of all the "fifty-seven varieties" of abnormal mental behavior.

The book is written in six sections, profusely illustrated by means of cases cited: 1. Modern conceptions of the mind. 2. Personality. 3. Symptoms. 4. Motives. 5. Treatment. 6. The psychiatric theory. While the author is much more Freudian than some of the rest of us, nevertheless, his attitude is a bit tempered by the more recent American views and practices respecting the Freudian theory.

His book represents a great deal of painstaking work in the matter of the collection and classification of cases illustrative of abnormal psychology, and it really deserves a better literary setting and treatment than it has received. While it will hardly be appreciated by the average layman, the man in the street, it will prove to be a book of invaluable reference for all classes of workers who come in contact with the abnormalities of the human mind, such as social workers, psychologists, trained nurses, medical students, and general medical practitioners who may desire to obtain a comprehensive survey of mental medicine.

We have many books today on mental medicine written from the standpoint of the neurologic specialist or the psychiatrist; we also have a growing literature on mental hygiene designed expressly for the average individual, the layman. "The Human Mind" seems to represent a new and rather unusual attempt to supply literature just between these groups, since it is hardly written for the psychiatrist, and it is not quite adapted for popular consumption at the hands of the average individual, but it does represent a real attempt to tell the story of mental medicine to those special students of the subject who may be found to range between the man in the street and the specialist who practices psychotherapy.

While the reviewer would recommend this book to all such interested students of the human mind, he would, at the same time, call the attention of such students to the fact that the author presents a decidedly Freudian view of mental phenomena and a Freudian interpretation of abnormal psychology.

THE MASTER OF DESTINY. By FREDERICK TILNEY, M.D. Doubleday, Doran. 1930. $4.

This book by Dr. Tilney, with a Foreword by Dr. Riggs, is an attempt to trace the evolution of the brain from its appearance in the animal world up through the lower organisms to man's ancestors, and then on to man himself. It is a readable, creditable, and authoritative summary of organic evolution, more in particular as indicated by brain development.

While many of the chapters are occupied with the rather unromantic recital of animal evolution, here and there interesting bits of information are afforded, while the chapters dealing with man's simian cousins, especially monkeys, orangs, and gorillas, are unusually interesting in that they present many actual cases showing intelligence and near human behavior on the part of the chimpanzees and gorillas.

Dr. Tilney expresses the view that evolution may not be finished. He calls attention to the fact that man's survival has been due primarily to the development of a superior brain. This, in connection with the human hand and foot, insures man's domination of the earth. The author expresses the belief, at least the hope, that the human brain, having reached its present stage of evolution, will be able to cope with the difficulties now besetting the race, and discover for mankind ways of living and progressing in the future, and he even intimates that the physical brain itself may be capable of further and favorable evolution which will contribute to racial progress.

While this is a book dealing with organic evolution, particularly as indicated by brain development, the author has escaped that crass materialism which has unfortunately dominated some evolutionists. Dr. Tilney seems to have joined the ranks of that increasing host of scientists—and great scientists—who have begun to cultivate a spiritual outlook for the human race. Some of the greatest scientists of today have delivered themselves of declarations which forever remove them from the ranks of the materialists, and it is further refreshing in this mechanistic age to have the author close his book—which so carefully sketches man's rise up through the lower animals, the Piltdown, the Neanderthals, the Cromagnons, etc.—we say, it is distinctly refreshing to find this popular work on evolution, designed for the layman, close with the following paragraph:

"Whatever fault may be found with the technique of human living, the major complaint is directed against the persistence of the old objectives. Ancient motives and standards are obstacles in the path of progress. A less complex life is needed—one with new incentives and different goals. Many are living and have lived this kind of life. One among these, the Great Galilean, has made it exemplary. As its influence comes down through the Christian centuries this life brings increasing conviction that it is the best yet lived. One third of the globe's population professes to follow it. As followers they are frustrated in their purpose by the persistence of more ancient influences of the past. Yet it cannot be denied that any order of humanity higher than the present one requires extensive modifications in our purposes, our desires, our outlook on life, our manner of self-expression. A long step in this direction will be taken when the ancient password of the Old Stone Age—*get*, which for thousands of years has been the mainspring of existence, is gradually subordinated by the keynote of a New Golden Age—*give*. This solution of the problem is likely to seem utopian. Long ago we were admonished to try it. If we have failed we need not altogether despair. The human brain has overcome other difficulties to which it has been applied. With all of its possibilities for improvement, it may in time solve the supremely difficult problem of human nature. Success such as this depends upon the further development of science—especially that comprehensive science which will deal with all of the principles underlying the behavior of man."

POLITICS IN A PROTESTANT CHURCH. By *Rembert Gilmer Smith.* Atlanta: Ruralist Press.

BURNING QUESTIONS IN HISTORIC CHRISTIANITY. By *John Alfred Faulkner.* Abringdon. $2.50.

• Books of Adventure •

JUNGLE PORTRAITS

By DELIA J. AKELEY

"THE adolescent, love-making baboons are another very human and amusing sight. The females are like flappers the world over and delight in making their boy friend jealous by flirting with his rivals in the early stages of their courtship. One couple that I watched every day for a week offered no end of amusement.

"After their breakfast the pair usually came and sat on a boulder. Utterly oblivious of the fact that they were being watched by me and my boys, they would proceed to groom their fur, stopping frequently during the operation to embrace and fondle each other... Clasped in each other's arms, they would sit, her head on his shoulder, and doze... I recalled that from the windows of my New York apartment, which overlooked Central Park, I had often been amused by similar love scenes between couples who used to come and sit on the benches under the trees."

Endless adventures in the African jungle are related by Delia J. Akeley in this new book, adventures which are strange, humorous, exciting—and always interesting. At any bookstore now. *Illustrated* $3.50

JUNGLE PORTRAITS

And Read....

THE LAST FRONTIER *by Zack T. Sutley* recaptures the spirit and atmosphere of the old West that was wild. $3.00

DEATH VALLEY is a racy story of a magnetic area *by Bourke Lee,* filled with tales that will hold and delight you. $4.00

THE GREAT WHITE SILENCE is a tale of Alaskan adventures *by L. F. Rouquette,* reminiscent of Jack London's best work. $2.50

VOLCANO, a novel *by Arthur Bullard,* will take you through strange Voodoo rites and exciting adventures on a tropic island. $2.00

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY ~ 60 Fifth Avenue ~ NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

WHY should not the Reader's Guide avail herself of the privileges of this department? Anthologists in general turn to it so frequently that I am about to do so on behalf of an anthology on the edge of the press. The unexpected success of "Golden Tales of Our America" (Dodd, Mead), a collection of stories of "an America that has ceased to be," and the calls for a continuation of the same sort of thing, made me undertake "Golden Tales of the Old South," now approaching completion. But I need a good short story about a feud (not a chapter from a novel); I need a really fine tale taking place on a Mississippi steamboat—several such seem hovering on the outskirts of my memory, but I can't pull them in—and a good story involving cotton fields would be heartily welcome. It may be old or new, so long as it is true to the conditions of its time, not too long for anthology use, and of literary merit. It must be of literary value to match the stories already bagged. Also, Please Hurry with the Information.

I HAVE now read Theodora Du Bois's novel, "The Devil's Spoon" (Stokes), and heartily assure the admirers of her unicorn story that it is quite as good as that, and with the same delicate distinctive flavor. It seems impossible to recommend a novel involving supernatural beings without somehow mentioning Anatole France, though this is about a visiting demon instead of a revolting angel; he is a demon by definition only, friendly to the human race, of a Franciscan subtlety of mind, and so amiable I found myself unaccountably moved by his experiences.

HERE is a problem that calls for personal experience. *A school near New York wishes to buy a set of books* to be used in a literature class by a seventh grade of boys and girls of very low mentality. A book like a fourth or fifth year reader would do if it is attractive and does not say that it is for any special grade or age. Is there a collection or set of prose works meeting these requirements?

M. F. J., Shreveport, La., is preparing a program for a club that is to view Russia through her literature, recommending one book for each of its fifteen meetings, with papers or talks about the books, or on subjects treated in or suggested by them. A history of Russia is needed; one that goes to the Revolution, the later developments to be studied separately. They have already made their selections from the classics and have selected books on Russian literature, but know nothing of the post-Revolutionary writers and would like the titles of such of their works as are available in English translation.

AS far as a non-Russian can judge, the best books that have been given to America about present-day Russia are "Soviet Russia: A Living Record and a History," by William Henry Chamberlin (Little, Brown), and "Humanity Uprooted," by Maurice Hindus (Cape). The second is as impartial as it is possible for a human being to be on a matter of contemporary history, and remain human; it looks the present straight in the eye and sees beyond it; a book seldom achieves such calm with such strong feeling. The first is truly amazing in its scope and most gratifying in its lucidity; before the present is reached the history of Russia passes before the reader in one chapter, from the first river settlements of the Slavs to the New Economic Policy. If I were planning a "historic background" for this course I would take this chapter as a base and make a reading list by looking up every name, every statement that seemed unfamiliar, or that was interesting enough to make further information welcome and finding out about it in some book. This would give one a list something like this: Vernadsky's "History of Russia" (Yale), which has been through three printings this year; or Kornilov's "Modern Russian History" (Knopf), or Platonov's "History of Russia" (Macmillan) for general reference. Gogol's "Taras Bulba" (Knopf); "Tsar Fyodor Ivanovitch," in the "Moscow Art Theatre Russian Plays" (Brentano), and Pushkin's "Boris Godunov" (Dutton); "When Lovers Ruled Russia," by V. Poliakoff (Appleton); "Catherine the Great," by Katharine Anthony (Knopf), and the "Memoirs of Catherine the Great," edited by Miss Anthony (Knopf); "The Soul of the Russian Revolution," by M. J. Olgin (Holt); "Memoirs of a Revolutionist," by Prince Peter Kropotkin (Houghton Mifflin). After a long time in which Peter the Great was represented only by Klabund's staccato study, we have now two full-length biographies, "Peter the Great," by Georges Oudard, from the French (Brewer & Warren), and Stephen Graham's "Peter the Great" (Simon & Schuster). This list could be extended much further, but it will give an idea of some of the material easily accessible in English and available in popular form. Most of these are, or soon will be, in public libraries generally.

Whatever the club buys, let it buy a large-scale map of the world and keep it on the wall at each meeting; it will be an eye-opener in more ways than one. Space may be the enemy in the U. S. S. R., but geography is in its favor. As for fiction published in translation since March, 1917, we have had to take what we could get, and that has depended to a large extent upon what publishers believed we would accept. At first this came largely from *emigrés*, or from counter-revolutionists; General Peter Krasnov's series, "From Double Eagle to Red Flag" to "The White Coat" (Duffield); "The Crime of Dr. Garine," by Boris Sokoloff (Covici-Friede), short stories, some in Russia during the first year under the Bolshevists, by a famous endocrinologist; "Rasputin," by Ivan F. Nazhivan (Knopf), a novel in two volumes; the touching study of religious experience in Gleb Botkin's "The God Who Didn't Laugh" (Brewer & Warren), and the amusing satire, a sort of "Looking Backward," to be found in Zamiatin's "We" (Dutton), a report of what life will be like when everything has become so communized that everyone lives in glass-fronted houses. I have learned more about the essential spirit of the pioneers of the new dispensation from Gladkov's "Cement" (International) than from any other novel that I have read, and I suppose Kataev's "The Embezzlers" (Dial) must show some of the circumstances attending it as faithfully (and in something like the same key) as "Dead Souls" shows its own time and state. "The Diary of a Communist Schoolboy" and its sequel, "The Diary of a Communist Undergraduate," by Ognyov (Brewer & Warren) interested me even more than reports from the life of older people; there is something inexpressibly touching about the confused and turbulent ideology of the young hero, especially in the first volume. With this might well come the play "Red Rust," by Kirchon and Ouspensky (Brentano), lately given in New York by the Theatre Guild Studio. A long line of novels show conditions since 1917 with such fidelity that they call for strong nerves in the reader. "The Naked Year," by Boris Vogau (Brewer & Warren), whose pen-name is Pilnyak, is a terribly realistic story of the famine of 1921-22, the worst in all Russian history. "Red Cavalry," by Isaak E. Babel (Knopf), is a series of short stories about the unsuccessful Polish campaign of 1920. "The Land of the Children," by Orenburgsky (Longmans, Green), follows an earlier work; this goes from 1917 to the victory of the Bolshevists; the author is of the middle-class intelligentsia. "The Sun of the Dead," by Ivan S. Shmelev (Dutton), is a thrilling picture of the Bolshevist revolution in the Crimea, by one who managed to live through days like those of the Terror in France. Shmelev's other novel in English, "The Inexhaustible Cup" (Dutton), is a novel of old religious Russia, not in the present-day vein. In V. V. Vieressaev's "Deadlock" (Century), the armies of Reds and Whites clash about a small town in which all classes are set against each other. In "The City of Bread," by Aleksandr Skobelev (Doubleday, Doran), a twelve-year-old boy goes all the way to Turkestan for food for his family and for seed to plant, in the famine year. The first novel of Alexei Remizov to reach America was "The Clock" (Knopf); since then we have had "The Fifth Pestilence" (Brewer & Warren), first published in Russia in 1912, containing two short novels with a pre-revolutionary background; this writer is said to be influential with the younger generation of novelists. Olgin calls him "perhaps the greatest master of the Russian language in the present generation of writers," "one of the unhappiest of modern Russian authors," and "a strange, unhealthy flower in the swamp of Russian life." "The Love of Jeanne Ney," Ehrenburg's romance of Soviet Russia and Paris (Doubleday, Doran) will be nearer the taste of American readers,

(*Continued on next page*)

IF DARROW, DEWEY AND VAN DINE JOINED FORCES

TO PROBE THE GREATEST MYSTERY OF THE AGES . . .

The mystery: What happened to the body of Christ between the time it was laid in the tomb after the Crucifixion, and the discovery of the empty tomb on that Sunday morning?

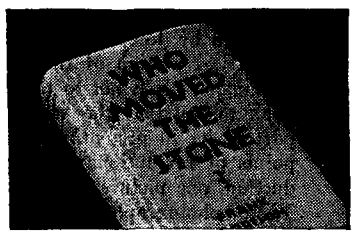
The problem: To approach this tremendous mystery in the manner of a modern psychological detective, without appealing to faith, tradition or religious belief. To determine WHO MOVED THE STONE?

Suppose: That you could go back to that memorable period with a Darrow to guide you through the intricacies of the trial of Jesus; with a Dewey to help you see into the minds of Pilate, Caiaphas, the Disciples and the rest; with an S. S. Van Dine, a sort of super-sleuth of history, to follow up the clues to the solution of an awe-inspiring mystery.

Now, all the merits of this unheard of collaboration are apparent in Frank Morison's treatment of this great mystery in WHO MOVED THE STONE?

The book has the sheer interest of a modern masterpiece of mystery fiction. And it unfolds before your eyes the greatest mystery known to man.

WHO MOVED THE STONE?



By FRANK MORISON

This is a book toward which no intelligent reader can be cold — whatever his religious beliefs. Nothing like it has ever been done before. It is an intellectual adventure for everyone. At all bookstores $2.50

THE NIGHT CLUB MYSTERY
By ELIZABETH JORDAN
Murder in a New York speakeasy. "A rousing baffler — belongs on your list."—Will Cuppy $2.00

SEED OF ABRAHAM
By MORRIS S. LAZARON
New interpretations of the ten greatest Jews of history. Illustrated. $2.50

THREE-A-DAY
By DOROTHY HEYWARD
Love on the vaudeville circuits — a gay, witty novel of the footlights. $2.50

SHANTY-BOAT
By KENT AND MARGARET LIGHTY
Running the Mississippi in a houseboat. "Exhilarating tour for the reader."—N. Y. Post. Illustrated. $3.50

LIGHTHEARTED JOURNEY
By ANNE BOSWORTH GREENE
By motor through the heart of France with two women adventurers. Illustrated. $4.00

DOWIE: ANOINTED OF THE LORD
By ARTHUR NEWCOMB
The incredible story of the rise and fall of the "First Apostle" of Zionism. Illustrated. $3.50

MOTHER WIT
By ESTELLE H. RIES
The fascinating romance in the growth of our modern customs and everyday accessories. Illustrated. $2.50

EARLY AMERICAN PRINTS
By CARL W. DREPPERD
A handbook of American engraving to the Civil War. Stunningly illustrated. $4.00

The Galloping West comes alive—

SIX HORSES

By CAPTAIN WILLIAM BANNING and GEORGE HUGH BANNING

The true story of stage-coaching in the West, from the memories of the last of the active stage drivers. "A solid and meaty piece of work . . . a fascinating story." — Harry Maule in the Book Review. Illustrated. $4.00

353 Fourth Avenue THE CENTURY CO. New York, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW BOOKS
WE RECOMMEND

Fiction for Men and Boys

Flashing Oars
By *Ralph Henry Barbour.* An especially rousing college story centering in the crew. $2.00

Corey Takes the Scout Trail
By *Leonard K. Smith.* This story of a boy scout has the enthusiastic endorsement of the Boy Scouts of America. Illustrated. $2.00

Gleaming Rails
By *Graham M. Dean.* A fascinating story of a young fellow making good in railroad life. Illustrated. $2.00

Treasure Trove of Pirate Stories
By *Ramon Wilke Kessler.* A collection of the best and most famous pirate stories ever written. Illustrated. $2.50

Fiction for Boys and Girls

Nancy's Lone Girl Scouts
By *Jean Henry Large.* The story of the adventures of a Girl Scout on a western ranch. Foreword by Mrs. Wm. H. Hoffman, President of the Girl Scouts. $2.00

Even Sara
By *Gladys Blake.* A thrilling and vivid story of a girl who helped a great President in the days of President Monroe. $2.00

Joan of the Journal
By *Helen Diehl Olds.* Joan Martin is initiated into what a newspaper is and solves an interesting mystery. Illustrated. $2.00

Carol of Cranford High
By *Earl Reed Silvers.* A story of the merry adventures and sports at Cranford High School. $2.00

Wonder Flights of Long Ago
By *M. E. Barry* and *P. R. Hanna.* A collection of the outstanding legends about the art of flying through the ages. Illustrated by Lynd Ward. $2.00

Pal: The Story of an Airedale
By *Alexandra C. Jenkins.* The story of a romping, mischieveous puppy. Illustrated by Kurt Wiese. $1.50

Nature Books for Boys and Girls

Green Magic
By *Julie Closson Kenly.* Fascinating stories of plant life, planned to teach the elemental facts of biology. Illustrated. $2.50

Insect Ways
By *Clarence M. Weed.* Informal and observant stories about the lives of insects. Illustrated. $2.50

At all Booksellers or from the Publishers

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
35 West 32nd Street, New York

The Latest Book by

Leonard Bacon

"Those who concern themselves genuinely with the future of American poetry should watch Mr. Bacon."
—SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE

LOST BUFFALO

"Like Byron, Bacon achieves a total effect which is not that of bitterness nor yet of mere good humor, but is an effect of pathos and tragedy."—N. Y. WORLD

Other books by Mr. Bacon include:
ANIMULA VAGULA, GUINEA FOWL, THE LEGEND OF QUINCIBALD, PH. D's.

HARPERS $2.00 ea.

The Reader's Guide

(*Continned from preceding page*)

being both detective story and romance. The Russian novel most widely read at the moment is no doubt Gorky's "Bystander" (Cape & Smith); this is not post-revolutionary, however, as it closes in 1895 and deals with the period when action was largely dissipated in clouds of talk going up like the "Smoke" of Turgeniev's famous novel. Gorky's earlier novel, "Mother" (Appleton), is still popular in this country, as much for its intensely sympathetic portrait of a devoted woman as for its presentation of its times. His "Decadence" (McBride) takes a merchant family from the emancipation of the serfs to the Bolshevist revolution. Though Kuprin's most famous novel, "The Pit," was written between 1909 and 1913, it has only lately reached an English version, "Yama" (The Pit), published by Guerney. It takes place in a street of brothels in a town in southern Russia; the guests are those who might have been met in any intellectual circle in Russia.

Two collections lately published should be on this list. "Short Stories from Soviet Russia," edited by John Cournos (Dutton), gives us material otherwise inaccessible. "Voices of October" has just come from the Viking Press; it is a volume on art and literature in Soviet Russia, the collaboration of Joseph Freeman, Joshua Kuntz, and Louis Lozowick.

The Russian theatre before 1917 is well documented; since then a large and very well illustrated volume called "The Russian Theatre" has been published in German, then in an English edition, and is now issued in America by Lippincott. The author of the body of the work is René Fülöp-Miller; the present state of the theatre is carefully set forth by Joseph Gregor, director of the Theatrical Section of the National Library of Vienna. It is not to the discredit of this book to say that the pictures are the best part of it; in presenting stage matters and points of revolutionary importance in production, one picture is worth a ton of text. These photographs are many and well-chosen; I almost brought it home with me in the German edition when it first appeared, but I hoped that it might get into English. The most interesting book about the Russian theatre of to-day, though, seems to me Huntly Carter's "The New Spirit in the Russian Theatre" (not yet, so far as I know, published in this country), because it brings out with unmistakable clearness the educational, sociological import and direction of the theatre movement. This is a successor to his "New Theatre and Cinema of Soviet Russia," published here by the International Publishing Company. "Myself and the Theatre," by Fedor Kommisarzhewskii (Dutton), belongs both to the old régime and the new, and will interest Americans also for its relation to the Theatre Guild and to the tour of the author's gifted sister in this country.

Somewhere in this list I hope that two diaries can be tucked away: "The Diary of Dostoievsky's Wife" (Macmillan) and the "Later Diary" of the Countess Tolstoy (Brewer & Warren). The former is one of the most amazing instances on record of how much a woman can find lovable in a man because she loves him; the latter affords one willing to listen at the keyhole of a family row an unrivalled opportunity to do so. In the last few months we have had new editions of books by Aksakov, Andreyiev, Arzybacheff, Bunin, Gogol, Korolenko, and other pre-revolutionary writers, a complete surprise in the appearance of a hitherto unpublished play by Chekhov, "That Worthless Fellow Platonov" (Dutton), early but characteristic, and a much-needed translation of Goncharov's classic "Oblomov" (Macmillan), which I recommend to anyone who wonders why the present generation glorifies action at the expense of argument. Also there is a searching study of Dostoievsky and of his characters in fiction, in the new "Three Masters: Balzac, Dickens, Dostoievsky," by Stefan Zweig (Viking).

C. M. B., Cheyenne, Wyoming, asks for two or three good books on versification, to include one that he thinks has been written by Louis Untermeyer.

IT has indeed: "The Forms of Poetry" (Harcourt, Brace), by Mr. Untermeyer, is the simplest and easiest to use of the introductions to verse-making, containing the sort of information the larger books are often too lordly to set down, arranged in alphabetical order. There is a new guide to appreciation, just from Crowell, "An Approach to Poetry," by Phosphor Mallam, prepared for younger readers (say of later high-school years), but quite as useful for older ones. It analyzes words as sound and as meaning, and considers feeling, beauty, thought, and imagination.

The Compleat Collector.

RARE BOOKS · FIRST EDITIONS · FINE TYPOGRAPHY

Conducted by Carl Purington Rollins & Gilbert M. Troxell.

"Now cheaply bought for thrice their weight in gold."

Auction Sales Calendar

Samuel T. Freeman & Company, Philadelphia. April 29: Autographed Letters and Historical Documents from the collection of Mr. Stanley E. Wilson, and from the estate of the late Constantin von Sternberg. The more important items are: Autograph letters of George Washington, including one regarding the "Society of the Cincinnati"; Anthony Wayne—a long defense of himself written to Lafayette; John Adams; Thomas Jefferson, including one to his son-in-law; Abraham Lincoln; various heroes of the Revolution and the Civil War; a reply from Catherine the Great of Russia to congratulations from the King of Denmark; a letter from Henry of Navarre; signatures of Henry VIII of England, Charles I, and Charles II, the Empress Elizabeth of Russia; personal notes of Queen Victoria and Edward VII; the complete original manuscript of Louisa May Alcott's story, "Jerseys, or the Girl's Ghost"; letters from Sir James M. Barrie, Ambrose Bierce, Joel Chandler Harris, Eugene Field, John Galsworthy, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Bayard Taylor, and Walt Whitman; manuscripts of Beethoven, Leoncavallo, Mascagni, and Paderewski; and letters of Wagner, Berlioz, Massenet, and Mendelssohn.

During the first part of May, the library of Dr. Benjamin H. Warren of West Chester, Pennsylvania, will be sold at the same auction rooms. This library is confined almost entirely to works on ornithology. Its chief features are: Audubon's "Birds of America," New York, 1840-1844, in seven volumes, and the same naturalist's "Quadrupeds of North America," New York, 1849-1854, 3 volumes, both sets in excellent condition; Spencer Baird's "The Birds of North America," Philadelphia, 1860; the Reverend F. O. Morris's "History of British Birds," London, 1870, the second edition; F. Andrew Michaud's "The North American Sylva," 5 volumes, Philadelphia, 1865; Thomas Meehan's "The native flowers and ferns of the United States in their botanical and popular aspects," Boston, 1878, with the colored plates in beautiful condition; and Alexander Wilson's "American ornithology," 4 volumes, Philadelphia, n.d.

Sotheby & Company, London. May 5th to 7th inclusive: Printed Books, a few manuscripts, autograph letters, and historical documents, the property of various miscellaneous owners. A typical English auction catalogue, without index and without the slightest idea of the alphabet; it is well done, of course, but why it should be essential to make absolutely clear exactly to whom every item belongs at the sacrifice of order and clarity, is quite impossible to understand. It is soothing to know that one lady is disposing of twenty-seven letters from General Gordon, and of thirty-six from Lord Kitchener, to her father; and that a relative of Fanny Burney's appears to be selling the family manuscripts and letters,

. Books of Adventure .

DEATH VALLEY

By BOURKE LEE

"WHO started all of these stories about Death Valley being such an awful hot place?"

"In the summer she's plenty warm," the prospector said. "I remember comen through here 'bout twenty year ago. I had my burrows loaded with bags a corn. It was in July, lady, and the valley was so hot that the corn started poppen and all the bags busted open. That corn scattered all over and kept on poppen until they was a big pile a white popcorn all around me. My fool burrows thought them white heaps was snow and they laid down in the sand and froze to death."

That's Death Valley—an unbelievable place, filled with romance, tragedy, and humor, all of which Bourke Lee has distilled in this new book. You will laugh over the absurdities of the place, stagger through waterless miles of waste with the Jayhawkers of '49 on their way to the gold-fields, live the exciting life of miners and prospectors. At all bookstores now. $4.00

DEATH VALLEY

And Read....

THE GREAT WHITE SILENCE is a tale of Alaskan adventures *by L. F. Rouquette*, reminiscent of Jack London's best work. $2.50

JUNGLE PORTRAITS *by Delia J. Akeley* is an account of thrilling and exciting adventures in the African jungle. *Illustrated* $3.50

THE LAST FRONTIER *by Zack T. Sutley* recaptures the spirit and atmosphere of the old West that was wild. $3.00

VOLCANO, a novel *by Arthur Bullard,* will take you through strange Voodoo rites and exciting adventures on a tropic island. $2.00

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY ~ 60 Fifth Avenue ~ NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but all this information can scarcely make up for the intense annoyance of never being able to find anything easily. Aside from the Burney papers, there are the autograph manuscript drafts of a large number of Allen Ramsay's poems; King William IV's manuscript log-book for the years 1781-1782; twenty water-color drawings by Kate Greenaway; a series of letters from Thomas Hardy to Dr. S. H. Donaldson; several letters from Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Thrale; a letter from Wordsworth to DeQuincey; a profusion of Dickens items, including a copy of "Bleak House" with descriptive headlines on the recto of each leaf in the author's handwriting; John Bunyan's "Discourse upon the Pharisee and the Publican," London, 1685; apparently the only copy known of "Dr. Dodd's Address to his unhappy brethren," London, 1777; Dr. Johnson's "New Prologue spoken by Mr. Garrick . . . at the representation of Comus," London, 1750; North's translation of Plutarch's "Lives of the noble Grecians and Romanes," London, 1579; and a copy of the Second Folio Shakespeare. G. M. T.

American Art Association Anderson Galleries. April 30th: The library of a private collector. A miscellaneous collection that, except for the Bernard Shaw items, of which there are 155, seems to range from an autograph letter of Keats to Jane Reynolds, to a complete set of A. Edward Newton (thirteen items). The complete original autograph manuscript of Arnold Bennett's "Anna of the Five Towns," with a dedication copy and two letters relating to this and other manuscripts of his; the "mystery" copy of Max Beerbohm's "Happy Hypocrite," with an advertising card facing the title-page, and a colophon reading, "Done into types and printed for John Lane at the Wayside Press, Springfield, Mass., in November, MDCCCXCVI"; a fine copy of the first edition of Maria Edgeworth's "Belinda"; Oliver Goldsmith's "The Traveller," and Dean Swift's "The Lady's Dressing Room"; the Hoe copy of Edmund Spenser's "Colin Clouts Come Home Againe," the Hoe copy of Richard Crashaw's "Steps to the Temple," London, 1646, with the original blank leaf preceding the title-page, and the final blank leaf; the Newton group; and the Shaw books and letters make up the chief things of interest. Of the Shaw books there are: "An Unsocial Socialist," the first issue of the first edition; "Mrs. Warren's Profession," with ten autograph letters from the author, and photographs of the original cast; a copy of "A Note on the Irish Theatre" by Theodore Roosevelt and an "Interview" on the Irish Players in America, by George Bernard Shaw, the only copy having the frontispiece portrait of Shaw by himself; of his letters there are twenty-two to Arnold Dolmetsch, several to Frederick H. Evans and others, and at least three to Frank Harris that are unusually long and intimate. "America," he remarks, "has the morals and the outlook of a seventeenth-century village."

Some particularly interesting books and manuscripts, especially by authors of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, were sold by Messrs. Sotheby on April 14th and the three following days.

There was, for example, Edgar Allan Poe's own copy of his "Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym," first edition, published in London in 1838. It has his signature on the half-title. And there is, further, an uncut copy of the first edition, in three volumes, octavo, 1778, of Fanny Burney's "Evelina," which is an extremely rare book in this state. "Uncut," it may be noted, does not mean, as is so often assumed by those who scoff at book-collectors, that the leaves of a book have not been opened with a paper-knife, but only that they have not had their edges trimmed by the binder.

There were a number of first editions of well-known books by Dr. Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith, Fielding, and others, and there was an obscure "Collection of Poems," in two volumes, printed in Dublin in 1789-90, which is remarkable in containing a poem, given as by Goldsmith, which had apparently escaped the notice of all his editors. It is called "The Fair Thief," and begins with the line "I tell, and tell with truth and grief." No addition to the body of Goldsmith's known verse has been made for a very long time and it will be interesting to see whether this piece is finally accepted by scholars as authentic or not.

Another highly attractive lot was an autograph memorandum book of Dr. Johnson's containing notes made by him within a few weeks of his death. Some of these notes refer to the collection of prayers, of which, as is known, he discussed the compilation during his visit to Oxford in June, 1784. Other notes in the little volume seem to refer to a projected essay on scepticism, and these are dated October 31, 1784. He died, it will be remembered, on December 13 of that year.

Among earlier books, also in this sale, must be mentioned a good copy of the second folio edition, 1832, of Shakespeare, and a copy—also a good one—of the very rare book, "Obsequies to the Memorie of Mr. Edward King," 1638, in which Milton's "Lycidas" first appeared.

Farmington Book Shop
Old Books *First Editions*
CATALOGUES ISSUED
FARMINGTON, CONN.

Counter Attractions

NEW & OLD BOOKS :: COLLECTORS' ITEMS :: STAMPS & PRINTS :: LITERARY SERVICES

AMERICANA

TWO INTERESTING CATALOGUES issued. Americana; general literature. Simons, 244 East Third Street.

ART

ETCHINGS, ARTISTS' PROOFS, by a group of painter-etchers of international experience and established reputation, associated with THE BROWN COUNTY COLONY. Send for booklet of reproductions. THE ARTISTS' SHOP, Nashville, Brown County, Indiana.

AUTOGRAPHS

COLLECTORS OF AUTOGRAPHS, rare books, modern first editions, etc., should write to The Autograph Agency, 31 and 33 High Holborn, London, England, for catalogues which will be sent free on request. With each catalogue will be sent particulars of The Young Collectors Club, a newly formed organization to help young collectors who have not yet left school for college.

BARGAIN OFFERS

DAUBER & PINE Bookshops announce the purchase of the important collection of art books forming the private library of the late Hans Mischke. The collection contains upwards of fifteen hundred distinct titles comprising books on Printing, Engraving, Etching, Lithography, Wood-Engraving, Illumination, Book-Binding, Books on Book-plates, Miniatures, several hundred beautiful Color Plate Books, as well as Arms and Armour, Colored Costumes, Kelmscot and Other Private Press Books, every conceivable branch of the artists' craft is represented in this unusual collection. These books, all moderately priced, are on exhibition and offered for sale in our Main Store. Catalogues will be issued later which will be sent free on application, but to those desiring to secure the choicest and scarcest items of this unusually fine collection we earnestly suggest an early visit to our shop, which is open until 10 p.m. every weekday. Dauber & Pine Bookshops, 66 Fifth Ave., 12th Street, New York City.

DRASTIC REDUCTIONS. PROUST'S Cities of the Plain, $1.95; D. H. Lawrence's Sea and Sardinia, $1.95; Schnitzler's Dr. Graesler, $1.40; Gide's Immoralist, $1.95; Fifteen Joys of Marriage, $1.95; Bishop's Gallery of Eccentrics ($3.50), $1.75; Tales of Firenzuola, Unexpurgated, $5.25; Arabian Droll Stories, Complete, illustrated ($12.50), $7.25; Decameron, unexpurgated, illustrated ($7.50), $4.75; Paul Morand's Nothing but the Earth, $1.00; D. H. Lawrence's David, $1.00. New books; no reprints. Bargain Catalogues. Gryphon Book Company, 10321 116th Street, Richmond Hill, New York.

BOOK BARGAINS: (NEW) Lawrence's Women in Love; Rainbow; Trespasser; Prussian Officer, $1.75 each; Beardsley's Salome ($7.50), $3.75; Unexpurgated Petronius, $3.75; Boccaccio's Decameron, illustrated, unabridged, $4.75; Crawley's Mystic Rose, two volumes ($10.00), $6.00; La Bas, complete, Huysmans, $6.25. Catalogues Bimonthly. FAUST BOOK SERVICE, DEPT. S., 61 East 8th Street, New York.

BARGAIN OFFERS

THREE TAVERNS. E. A. ROBINSON First Edition, New, $3.50. Send for book bargain catalogue. The Atlantic Book Company, 6 East 46th Street, New York.

WESTROPP-WAKE'S ANCIENT Symbol Worship, phallicism in ancient religions, illustrated, $1.50. Catalogues free. Schulte's Bookstore, 80 Fourth Avenue, New York.

20% DISCOUNT; ANY BOOK published. Book Bazaar, 1743—47th Street, Brooklyn.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES. List free. Salisbury's, 78 East 10th Street, New York.

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore, 145 Fourth Avenue, New York.

BOOK BINDING

EXPERT HAND BOOKBINDING and Casemaking for First Editions or Autographs, Exclusive Best Imported Materials. Restoration and all forms of Scientific Book Reclamation. Period Modernist and Conventional Designs. Prices on request. Bennett Book Studios, Inc., 240 West 23rd Street, New York City.

BOOK PLATES

COPPER PLATE STYLE $4 to $5 per hundred. Send 10 cents for sample. Frank E. Bittner, 251 High Street, Nutley, N. J.

BOOKS FOR WRITERS

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE of the Writer's Library, sample copy of The Writer's Monthly and particulars of Dr. Essenwein's famous forty-lesson course in Short-Story Writing free; write today. The Home Correspondence School, Dept. 88, Springfield, Mass.

CLUBS

ARE YOU MENTALLY ISOLATED? "Pioneers" literary correspondence club connects you with versatile, unconventional minds the world over. Rare and unusual books loaned free to members. No formalities. Membership $2.00 per year. Particulars free. Write: "Pioneers," 93 Franklin Street, Albany, N. Y.

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS AND AUTOGRAPHS material of modern authors. Advise us of your particular interests and we will send specially prepared lists of quotations. Catalogues issued. Phoenix Book Shop, Inc., 41 East 49th Street, New York City.

A REALLY UNUSUAL CATALOGUE of First Editions, Private Presses, out-of-print and quaint books, sent free on request. A. de Luca, 333 East 116th Street, New York City.

GELBER, LILIENTHAL, INC., 336 Sutter Street, San Francisco, offer a complete set Nonesuch Press; Rare First Editions; Association Copies; Californiana.

FIRST EDITIONS

THE WALDEN BOOK SHOP, 546 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, issues catalogues and monthly announcements of interest to collectors. Special attention is given to nineteenth and twentieth century American and English writers.

LITTLE WOMEN, POE'S TALES 1845, a rare Kipling, and other interesting first editions on our new List. Write to R.B.S., Rare Books, First Editions, Americana. 234 Walnut Street, Westfield, New Jersey.

FIRST EDITIONS AND AMERICANA. Catalogues on request. Wyman C. Hill, 9 Haynes Court, Leominster, Mass.

FOREIGN BOOKS

FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, Spanish books and periodicals. Catalogues. Books for the study of all languages. Our experience of over seventy years will serve you. Schoenhof's, 387 Washington, Boston, Mass.

FRENCH BOOKS

VISIT THE FRENCH BOOKMAN, 202 W. 96th Street (near Broadway). "Headquarters for French Books and Magazines." Low Prices. Catalogues 5 cents (stamps).

FRENCH BOOKS OF ALL FRENCH Publishers; over 500,000 in stock. Lowest prices. Catalogues 20 cents (stamps). The French Bookshop, 556 Madison Avenue at 56th Street, "New York's Largest French Bookshop."

GENERAL

ODD CURIOS unusual and extraordinary Books and Autographs. Write for catalogue. State your own interests. Union Square Book Shop, 30 East 14th Street, New York.

BOOKS ANCIENT AND MODERN. Interesting catalogue free. Howes, Bookseller, St. Leonards-on-Sea, England.

LITERARY SERVICES

THE EDITOR MAGAZINE, the guide to the great opportunities open to authors, $5.00 a year; 15 cents a copy. A thirteen weeks' trial subscription for $1.00. THE MANUSCRIPT MARKET GUIDE, a complete up-to-date directory of places to sell all kinds of writing. $2.00 a copy. Address The Editor Council, Book Hill (S), Highland Falls, N. Y.

HAVE YOU A STORY FOR THE TALKIES? Accepted any form except unproduced plays. Marketing, revision copyright protection. Established 1928. DANIEL O'MALLEY CO., Suite S, 1776 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

MANUSCRIPTS ANALYZED, criticized, revised, prepared for publication, marketed. Book manuscripts a specialty. Twenty-five years' experience as writer, editor, publisher. Helpful text-books. Catalogue. James Knapp Reeve and Agnes M. Reeve, Box A, Franklin, Ohio.

LITERARY SERVICES

YOUR MANUSCRIPTS SHOULD BE sold! This office sells plays, novels, short stories, published books or produced plays for motion pictures. International connections. Publications planned. Editor literary advisor. Grace Aird, Inc., 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

STORY IDEAS FOR PHOTOPLAYS, talking pictures, magazines. Accepted any form for revision, development, copyright and submission to markets. Established 1917. Free booklet gives full particulars. Universal Scenario Company, 411 Western and Santa Monica Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.

ROBERT CORTES HOLLIDAY, Literary Coach and Author's Agent. Stillwater, New Jersey.

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY agent. Books, short stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Special department for plays and motion pictures. The Writers' Workshop, Inc., 135 East Fifty-eighth Street, New York City.

OUT OF PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT Books promptly supplied. National Biblophile Service, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York.

PRINTING

PRIVATELY PRINTED EDITIONS handsomely and economically produced under the direction of a well-known book designer. Beekman Hill Press, 18 Beekman Place, New York.

STAMPS

WANTED. Old letters with postmarks, 1660 to 1860 only. STAMPLESS COVERS, 630 Whitney, New Haven, Conn.

SUMMER HOMES

MASSACHUSETTS — NEAR COAST — Remodelled, fully furnished country house. Picturesque situation. Delightfully quiet. Address Mrs. C. P. Sherman, South Westport, Massachusetts.

"SUMMER HOMES." In the most delightful hill and mountain section of Vermont. Old houses and farms at attractive prices. New folder of interesting homes upon request. Harold P. White, Brattleboro, Vermont.

SCHEDULES OF RATES

ADVERTISING RATES for this classified page are as follows: for twenty consecutive insertions of any copy, minimum twelve words, 7 cents a word; for any less number of insertions 10 cents a word. The forms close on Friday morning eight days before publication date. Address Department GH, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York, or telephone BRYant 0896.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from THE INNER SANCTUM *of*
SIMON *and* SCHUSTER
Publishers . 37 West 57th Street . *New York*

CHARLES FRANCIS POTTER, *author of* HUMANISM. A NEW RELIGION

In releasing today a book called *Humanism—A New Religion*, by CHARLES FRANCIS POTTER, *The Inner Sanctum* must take immediate and emphatic steps to make clear that this deals not with the literary humanism of Babbitt and More, but with a new faith for a new age.

When a fellow-publisher saw the first manifesto about the book, summarizing the points of difference between Humanism, as explained by CHARLES FRANCIS POTTER, and the established religion of Christianity, he Viewed With Alarm. "Who will buy the book," he asked, "if you give the Big Idea away for nothing?"

Let the sales department wrestle with that problem. This column spares no expense in giving its Readers the first break on the Big News, and in that spirit your correspondents set down the "ten points" of the traditional theology and the new Humanism:

THE OLD (Traditional Theology)

God created the world and man
Hell is a place of eternal torment for the wicked
Heaven is the place where good people go when they die
The chief end of man is to glorify God
Religion has to do with the supernatural
Man is inherently evil and a worm of the dust
Man should submit to the will of God
Salvation comes from outside of man
The ideas of sin, salvation, redemption, prayer and worship are important
The truth is to be found in one religion only.

THE NEW (Humanism)

The world and man evolved
Suffering is the natural result of breaking the laws of right living
Doing right brings its own satisfaction
The chief end of man is to improve himself both as an individual and as a race
Religion has to do with the natural. The so-called supernatural is only the not-yet-understood natural
Man is inherently good and has infinite possibili ies
Man should not submit to injustice or suffering without protest and should endeavor to remove its causes
Improvement comes from within. No man or god can save another man
The ideas of sin, salvation, redemption, prayer and worship are unimportant in religion
There are truths in all religion and outside of religion.

Sometimes, without any pyrotechnic displays, without the white glare of controversial news, it behooves a publisher to fall back on the time-honored serenities, and Quietly Bring Out A Good Book.

It is in that mood that *The Inner Sanctum* publishes today a nineteenth-century novel, *The Saint*, by CONRAD FERDINAND MEYER, translated from the German by PROFESSOR EDWARD HAUCH.

When a book bears a laudatory foreword by THOMAS MANN, there is little to be said by

—ESSANDESS.

Tribute No. 5

J. B. Priestley:

"One of the very best tales of the century. . . . It haunts the imagination like a darkly splendid dream. . . . Who, having once read such passages, will ever forget them?"

THE PURPLE CLOUD

M. P. SHIEL

$2.50* • VANGUARD • *At Bookstores

THE PHOENIX NEST

HOME at last! Home at last! And at first we were quite afraid to call up the *Substitute Phoenician*. Naturally! How we did let her down. But we really couldn't help it; we were just about as busy as the busiest of bird-dogs in London and in Paris. . . .

And so we expect some London news from you, says the *Substitute Phœnician*. Well, two of the novels a good many people were talking about were *Evelyn Waugh's* "Vile Bodies" and *Norah Hoult's* novel that is called "Time, Gentleman, Time!" over there. In regard to the latter we listened to a discussion between two Englishmen as to whether that was what actually was said at closing time in a pub. They seemed to think it was really "Time, Gentlemen, Please!" At dinner at *Sylvia Lynd's* we heard *J. B. Morton*, who writes as "*Beachcomber*" in either the *Daily Mail* or the *Express*, we never can remember which, say that he had had to change the title of his own novel because it had originally been that of Miss Hoult's. It is called now, we think, "Drink up, Gentlemen!" Mr. Morton is a Bellocian Roman Catholic with amusing anecdotes and a fine trolling voice. . . .

We noticed on arrival in New York that *Rebecca West's* story, "War Nurse," which is running serially in *Nash's* in England has been brought out anonymously over here by the Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. . . .

We recall with a tender expression "The Coal Hole" in the Strand, one of the haunts of Frank, the brother of our own *Christopher Morley*. There gathered together, we once saw *George Blake*, the editor of the *Strand Magazine*; *Caradoc Evans*, the Welsh novelist; *Ivan Opffer*, the Scandinavian artist; *Frank Morley* himself, and several others. Elsewhere we were first introduced to a Worthington, and one night, going "pub-crawling" with *Sarah Salt* and her husband, personally conducted by *Tommy Earp*, who writes art criticism, we all drank nothing but Guinness. . . .

Splendid were our refuges that even: Dirty Dick's in Liverpool Street, a pub with a fine night view of the River at Wapping, Charley Brown's in Limehouse, and so on. We had taken off at the Fitzroy Tavern. . . .

Down at Rye in Sussex we visited *Radclyffe Hall* at the Mermaid and were taken on a glorious drive to Bodium Castle, which is the finest English ruin we have ever seen. That and the fourteenth-century church at Ewelm in Oxfordshire completely contented us. Again we stayed at a farmhouse in Bucks, said to have once been dwelt in by *John Masefield*. . . .

At the offices of Faber & Faber we finally caught a glimpse of *T. S. Eliot* and were very kindly asked to dinner by *Aldous Huxley* in Suresnes when finally we went to Paris. Sitting with *John Peale Bishop* at the Deux Magots on the Boulevard, we hailed with delighted cries the burly apparition of *Waldo Pierce*. At Lipp's one evening, drowning ourself in beer, we espied *Glenway Wescott* in immaculate evening dress at a nearby table. . . .

Priestley and *Walpole* are solid sellers in England, of course. *Osbert Sitwell*, to our mind, has advanced his position enormously. *Edith Sitwell's* "Pope," was getting columns and columns of reviews, as was *Leslie Hotson's* find of the hitherto unpublished letters of *Shelley* to *Harriet*. Both the latter books are Faber & Faber publications. This firm, whose members include *Frank Morley* and *Richard de la Mare*, as well as Eliot, seems to be doing very well for itself. It is a favorite with the press. . . .

We went the rounds of publishers and agents. With hardly an exception here and there, we met with cordiality and helpfulness. We got acclimated to London and to a hotel room with no heat in it. We saw the first night of the play written by *Eleanor Carroll Chilton* and *Herbert Agar*, we took in *Shaw's* "The Apple Cart," and the murder thriller they made out of *Huxley's* "Point Counterpoint"; we were taken by *Brigit* and *Derek Patmore* to see *Cochran's* Revue, and we witnessed with *Emily Hahn*, the enchanting authoress of "Seductio Ad Absurdum," the best English comedy we have seen for a very long time, "The Man in Possession." . . .

The distinguished elder poet, *Sir Henry Newbolt*, and the distinguished younger poet, *Humbert Wolfe*, both lunched us at the Athenæum with great kindness. On the latter occasion Mr. Wolfe remarked, after we had left the room, that he thought that had been *Kipling* at the next table. We promptly rolled down the staircase. . . .

We visited the Devonshire Club before its fire and met both *Hamish Miles* and *Montgomery Belgion* at the Savile, and *Roger Ingpen*, the great Shelley scholar, took us to the Savage. . . .

On one delightful evening at the house of *Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes* in Westminster we met *Edmund Blunden*. *Frank Swinnerton*, with his usual great niceness, when inviting us to lunch with him at the Reform Club got *Arnold Bennett* to join our table. We met Bennett again that evening at the Lynds, where also was the delightful *Rose Macaulay*. We visited *Rebecca West* at Onslow Gardens. At the home of *Victor Gollancz* we met *Naomi Mitchison*, *Helen Beauclerk*, and *Edmund Dulac*, among others. . . .

So you can see that we had a good time. We did. Also, however, our hotel room began to fill up with books and manuscripts until we thought we should never be able to claw our way out of it and leave London. . . .

There was some talk of *Katharine Brush's* "Young Man of Manhattan" both in London and Paris. That novel seems completely to have captured the fancy of many. The death of *D. H. Lawrence* struck deep into the hearts of many eminent writers, though not those of the press. The death of *Scott-Moncrieff* removed perhaps the most marvelous of English translators. . . .

The cometlike flight across the field of English publishing of that brilliant young woman, *Carol Hill*, chief right hand of *Ann Watkins's* agency, was something to watch. She alighted for a swift whirl of business in London at the *John Balderston's*, where we also encountered *Milton Waldman*. But accomplished as was every devotee of Terpsichore in the city on the Thames, we must certainly award *Marion Balderston* the palm as a dancer. We know only one other as thistledownish, and that is *Mrs. Herbert Gorman*. . . .

And you've no idea how these conceited reminiscences are helping us out this evening, for we have returned to a publishing house that is simply waist-deep in manuscripts and books, and we have been hecticly trying to dig our way out a little during the week. Hence we haven't but cast a casual eye upon material for the Nest as yet. . . .

We might do the *Arnold Bennett* trick. We might turn the Nest into a diary. But even Arnold Bennett's Diary, which is featured in one of the London papers, seemed to us to become a good deal of a bore. It's a difficult sort of thing to keep up. You may start off with a bang, but not enough things happen. . . .

Although we haven't yet sat down furiously to think it over, it does seem to us, from the little we saw of the literary situation in London, that this country has a far greater variety of material to draw upon, that there is more pioneering curiosity, and that the creative writer has in America a much more stimulating environment. It is not that English life is not interesting. It can be absorbingly so. But the American mind seems to us, perhaps wrongly, a deal more wideawake and alive, in general, to what is going on around and about,—that is the mind that intends to write it all down. And we are making a generalization which necessarily must have many exceptions to it. For ourself we believe we can write better in this country than in either England or France. After all, even though the island of America (Yes, we know it's a continent!) is so much larger than the island of Great Britain, we doubt whether Americans are, after all, much less insular. And there is a certain insularity that is a good thing. We have much still to "tell the world"—and that in no boasting sense, but in the sense of a quest for absolute truth—about America. And we have still a tremendous lot to learn about our own country. . . .

The younger American writers who betook themselves to the Continent to experience and form their own conclusions have, most of them, it seems to us, come around to this way of thinking. Some aspects of American life are so fantastic that no other country offers such singular material. If we are at all a leaven, we are a mad leaven of the nations.

THE PHOENICIAN.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS New York

EVELINA

OR

THE HISTORY OF A YOUNG LADY'S ENTRANCE INTO THE WORLD

By FRANCES BURNEY

$7.50

With Notes, Indexes, Contemporary Illustrations, and Facsimile Title Pages from Early Editions. Bound in Marble Paper Boards.

Edited by

SIR FRANK D. MACKINNON

"A young lady exposed to very critical situations. There is much more merit, respecting style, character, and incident, than is usually to be met with among our modern novels."
London Review, Feb. 1778.

"Pleasing, innocent amusement." — *Gentlemen's Magazine, Sept.* 1778.

The Novels of
JANE AUSTEN

The text based on Collation of the Early Editions by R. W. Chapman. With Notes, Indexes, and Illustrations from Contemporary Sources. Five Volumes.

$10.00

I. SENSE AND SENSIBILITY
II. PRIDE AND PREJUDICE
III. MANSFIELD PARK
IV. EMMA
V. NORTHANGER ABBEY, 1818
PERSUASION, 1818.

RRS

A new novel *by*
EDEN PHILLPOTTS
***The* THREE MAIDENS**

Mr. Phillpotts has never written a finer novel than The Three Maidens.

In its pages is played out a drama of simple lives, whose difficulties are none the less real on that account. There is pathos, strength and inspiration in this story which should be read by all who seek beyond mere entertainment. $2.50

MARRIAGE PAST PRESENT AND FUTURE

By Ralph de Pomerai

A broad and interesting outline—skillfully tracing the history and development of marriage and divorce from primitive man to our own time. The future trend of marriage is forecast from past facts. $4.00

MEDIAEVAL LATIN LYRICS

By Helen Waddell
Author of "Wandering Scholars"

Virile, boisterous, tender, sensuous mediaeval poems translated into splendid English verse. $5.00. Limited edition $15.00.

Your own bookshop can get you any of the books listed above.

RICHARD R. SMITH, Inc.
12 East 41st Street, New York, N. Y.

RRS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Points of View

Love and Sex

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:—

A certain preacher (very uncertain in his thoughts) says: "Repression of the sex instinct is as unwise and wrong on the one side as gross sensual indulgence on the other."

Does not this sapient doctor know that people are not all alike? The Bible writers, whose wisdom swallows up the Rev. Holmes's wisdom as a whale swallows a sprat, recognized the truth that the sex instinct is not strong in some people. Christ said that there are some who are bachelors from birth; and Paul approved of a continent life on the part of those fitted for such a life; of others he said, "It is better to marry than to burn."

Mr. Holmes approves of what Olive Schreiner said about the "beauty and sacredness of sex." Rubbish! There is no more beauty and sacredness about sex than about any other natural function, such as eating and drinking. Love and sex are entirely different, distinct, separate things. Love is a spiritual quality. It is altogether uncaused, unmoved by beauty or homeliness of face or figure. The sexual instinct, on the other hand, relates wholly to the body. The great trouble with our sex life and marital relationships is that so many, like Mr. Holmes, identify love with sex. But a man may be drawn to a woman, or a woman to a man, through this powerful, magnetic sexual instinct when there is no love at all between them. No marriage was ever wrecked on love. But the sharp, jagged rock of sex has wrecked many a gallant barque that sailed from the port of matrimony with all its colors flying. Long courtships will enable us to tell the difference between love and sex.

Mr. Holmes says further: "Sex relations shall continue only in the bonds of love. This permits divorce—the ending of the outward bond at the same time the inner sanctum is ended." How silly! How can love end? Sexual emotion can end, because it is based upon the body. But one who has felt love for another, feels it forever. Love is undying, imperishable, divine, because it is an emanation from the soul, and the soul is like God. Love cannot be divorced, because it is joined with eternity, and eternity divorces other things, but knows no divorec itself. How long will the preachers continue to wallow in the sty of flesh and matter?

CHARLES HOOPER.
Coeur d'Alene, Idaho.

Reading and Fighting

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:—

In the article called "Reading and Fighting" in the *Saturday Review* of April 12 one senses a hatred of war that's not only plain hatred but hatred that's almost hysterical as well. In most of the writing about war one senses that same feeling.

I'd like to make this point. Of course, war is horrible; nevertheless I think that to the persons who write it is horrible in a special sense. The writer or intellectual is generally a person in wretched physical condition. The thought of personal combat is naturally repulsive to him in the circumstances, and he reacts to the thought of it in a shrill panic more emotional than rational.

After all, all people die anyway, and that being true, I can't believe that he's concerned over the fact that people get killed in a war a few years earlier than they would otherwise. I feel that his hatred of it is due to the fact that in the process they live in an environment where he feels himself pathetically ineffectual. If football playing were made compulsory, wouldn't he be vehemently opposed to it just as he is to war?

RUSSELL SKINNER.
Lincoln, Nebraska.

The Lakeside Classics

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:—

In the last issue of your magazine you published a letter from Mr. Charles Morris, of Howe, Indiana, regarding the Lakeside Classics published by us.

Being subscribers to your magazine, and knowing that you are greatly concerned with the accuracy of the contents of your magazine, whether a given article is by one of your staff or a subscriber, we are giving you information regarding the Lakeside Classics, so that in the future misstatements like those found in the letter Mr. Morris wrote can be edited.

For over a quarter of a century R. R. Donnelly & Sons Company have published the Lakeside Classics for gratitutious distribution among its patrons and other friends only, and the Press has never offered these books for sale.

R. R. Donnelly & Sons Company, you know, are printers and binders, and regularly serve many publishers and manufacturers throughout the country. Yearly, many catalogues, magazines, text books, telephone directories and encyclopadias are made at The Lakeside Press. Among these are the Encyclopædia Britannica, the fourteenth edition of which you reviewed so fully last year, and *Time*, of which your Vice-President is circulation manager.

R. R. DONNELLY & SONS COMPANY.
GEORGE BOLLER.

Unrest and Writing

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:—

It is not my purpose to enter a controversy with Mr. Lawrence Powell concerning my acquaintance—or lack of it—with the principles (and the prose) of the late D. H. Lawrence. But Mr. Powell makes one or two statements so solemnly sweeping in their implications — and so misleading — that I would like to enter a demurrer.

My objection centers on one sentence. In an attempt to justify his doctrinaire conclusion that "a chaotic self-state drives the artist to strike at the world's wrongs," Mr. Powell says, "Great writing springs from a terrible, driving unrest." Unless all writing is a form of unrest, great writing does nothing of the sort. Certain types of great art *may* spring from fever, maladjustment, hypersensitivity, discontent; but even more of the world's masterpieces—in words and wordless—have risen from nothing more "heretical" than peace, acceptance, affirmation. Mr. Powell speaks of Shakespeare's mirroring "the tragedy of his own being, reflecting lust, hate, jealousy, etc."—a purely conjectural mirroring since our knowledge of Shakespeare is far less authentic than, say, our knowledge of Milton. Mental warfare may have produced a Beethoven; but calm and continued assurance speak through the far greater convictions of Bach. There are, one is tempted to believe, almost as many mansions in literature as in heaven. And, in fixing his sympathy on the self-tortured agonies of the Lawrences driven about the world, Mr. Powell forgets the spiritual certainties, the driving visions of the immured and peaceful Blakes.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.
Elizabethtown, N. Y.

Paradise in California

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

Although a native of our Eastern Seaboard I have resided in the hinterland for a number of years. My occasional trips to New York City are amongst the indulgences allowed me. While visiting our west coast these 24-hour trips from Ohio to New York seem but within commuting distance! I, too, have learned the trick of returning via B. & O. National Limited. The ferry ride always consoles me and puts me in good humor for the entire trip home. My mouth, too, waters for the well prepared meal on the blue china!

Have you ever been in Southern California? I trust so. But if so, have you, too, learned to take with a grain of salt the comments on its fine weather which doesn't seem to last. If cloudy—it is always predicted to clear—Yes—of course if one waits—it will eventually!

I do not know whether things oriental appeal to you—if so—pronounce the name of this hotel, the Samarkand, to yourself. It almost sings! (all the *a*-s broad as in French). True to its name it is Persian—brick walks flank a blue-lined pool whose outlet trickles ever downward to the larger pond below where swans navigate majestically. Brick steps in little groups follow the stream always outlined by flower-beds in a riot of color. Cypress trees jut the corners of the sides of the hotel which like the lawn opens below in a wide semi-circle bordered with hedge and bougainvilia pergolas. This present entourage is completely and perfectly *à la Turque*. And over my mantel hangs a scroll with Omar Khayyam's words given us by the immortal Fitzgerald:

Alas, that Spring should vanish with the rose!
That youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!

Hardly optimistic but musical, too, like "Samarkand."

FANNY F. GREENEBAUM.
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Just read this one page!

THREE SCORE AND TEN

The child was sleeping quietly in a small cradle. Godfrey took his father by the arm and led him over to it. "A hell of a responsibility," Godfrey said. "I suppose I will be able to do something for him. I ought to be able to save him from some of the mistakes I have made." In silence Hilary listened. There it was, the same old talk, again. The father losing interest in himself, centering his ambitions in his son. And whatever happened, the outcome would be the same. First the years of happy intimacy; then the drifting apart, the mis-understandings, the bitterness, and ultimately, consolingly, indifference.

The old talk, the old belief! Hilary would have turned away but at that moment he felt Godfrey's hand upon his arm, just as he had in the old days. In his son's eyes was that old look of confiding friendliness. "Well, if I am half the father to him that you have been to me, he won't have much to grumble over." Those words, coming suddenly after those frozen months, were more than Hilary could stand. "My dear boy," he said but his voice choked. Those few words seemed to console and cancel every unhappiness he had ever felt. They seemed to give a meaning to everything he had ever done.

299

ALL fathers and all sons face the problems that confronted the grandfather, father and son in Alec Waugh's fine new novel. Here is power and tenderness and understanding.

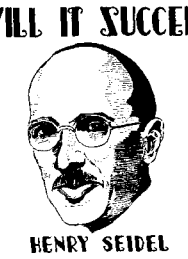
THREE SCORE AND TEN
by ALEC WAUGH

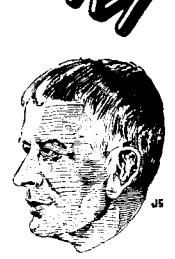
. . . author of "Hot Countries," the Literary Guild's selection for May, and "Portrait of a Celibate."

$2.50 DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

THE MODERN CONTROVERSY
HUMANISM
WILL IT SUCCEED?

IRVING BABBITT
HUMANIST SPOKESMAN
SAYS "YES"


HENRY SEIDEL CANBY
EDITOR SATURDAY REVIEW
SAYS "YES, BUT— WHAT BRAND?"


CARL VAN DOREN
EDITOR LITERARY GUILD
SAYS "NO"

HARRY HANSEN
LITERARY EDITOR N.Y. WORLD
CHAIRMAN

CARNEGIE HALL, FRI. EVE. MAY 9
57 St. & 7. Ave. 8.45 P. M.
Tickets $1, $1.50, $2, $2.75 (Boxes on Application)
For Sale at Box office, Rand Book Store, 7 East 15th Street
Columbia Book Store Journalism Building and
Discussion Guild Room 1002—15 E. 40th St.—Lex. 7483—Open till 8 P. M.

TO BOOKSELLERS:-

Don't you think you would sell a lot more books if your regular patrons were reading THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE each week?

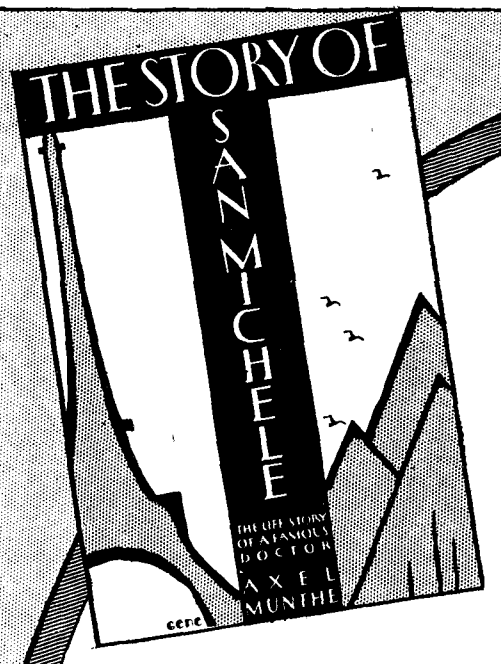
Our subscribers are bookbuyers—discriminating bookbuyers. That is why they pay the subscription price of THE SATURDAY REVIEW and read it every week in the year. There is no other reason.

We have developed a successful method of getting the regular customers of bookstores to subscribe to THE SATURDAY REVIEW. Let us make your customers better bookbuyers.

For information about this new plan write to:—

Bookstore Department
THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE
25 West 45th Street New York City

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



An Open Letter

To the readers of the Saturday Review

SOME books, like some men, make a lasting impression through sheer force of character. Such a book is *The Story of San Michele.* Published last July with no fanfare of publicity and little advertising to begin with it has won its way on merit, alone. It has been among our best selling books all spring. Last week, it outsold any other book.

Enthusiastic booksellers, we found, recommended it to their favored customers. They in turn read the book; thrilled at its discovery; and returned to buy copy after copy for their friends. Small bookstores that ordinarily sell but 50 copies of the most popular novel have already ordered 75 and 100 copies of this book. Meanwhile reviewers throughout the country acclaimed it, as the *New York Herald Tribune* did, "The most fascinating book of the year."

We cannot summarize this biography for you. As the *Saturday Review of Literature* says, "The bare outline of this romantic story fails to picture the contents of the work. You must read it to make it your own."

Do so—and we know you will thank us for having told you about it.

John Macrae Jr.

Some critical opinion:

The New York Herald Tribune:
"The most fascinating book of the year."

Emily Newell Blair: Good Housekeeping:
"Perhaps the truth about a doctor's work and ethics has never before been so frankly revealed. Certainly never before with such wisdom, such humor and irony, such realism, such raciness, and withal such art. For it is great writing."

The Saturday Review of Literature:
"When a man combines the glory of far-flung adventure with service to mankind and, moreover, in the seventh decade of his life writes a stimulating autobiography, then we have reason to rejoice, for his adventures may be ours, his thoughts our thoughts, and his philosophy of life can be absorbed from his pages. Dr. Munthe has written such a book, unique in contents, joyous in tone, quick in pace, at times brilliant, usually informative, and always interesting."

The Bookman:
"Here is a volume of flavorous reminiscences of a sort we too seldom find. It is laden with choice anecdotes from the author's colorful career—with gruesome stories, almost unbelievable — from his practice, of a sort which any veteran physician can tell, but which few allow to circulate outside their clubs . . . an uncommonly entertaining narrative.

Now in its seventh large printing!

$3.75

At all bookstores

Some critical opinion:

The Springfield Republican:
"More diverting than the best of any fiction."

The Commonweal:
"The sudden discovery of THE STORY OF SAN MICHELE comes much as a mid-summer bonus to a girl selling candy for Mr. Woolworth. The book is incredibly good . . . I heartily and sincerely wish it Godspeed and for those who fail to enjoy it I shall pray in sorrow."

The St. Louis Star:
"It is one of those rare masterly pictures which all who read, no matter what their taste in literature, will thoroughly enjoy."

The New Yorker:
"Another exciting autobiography is Axel Munthe's THE STORY OF SAN MICHELE. . . . 'You cannot be a good doctor without pity,' he says. Well, he has pity, as his stories of hydrophobia witness; and he has humor, as the tale of Billy, the dipsomaniac monkey, proves and, what counts even more in biographies and autobiographies, the man can write."

Alice E. Hartley:
"One of the best modern autobiographies published for many a day—if you give gifts at any time for the pleasure of giving them or if you want a thoroughly amusing, tragic, peaceful, beautiful book, buy THE STORY OF SAN MICHELE."

Now in its seventh large printing!

$3.75

At all bookstores

THE STORY OF SAN MICHELE

By Axel Munthe

THE DUTTON PRIZE BOOK FOR APRIL

THE SELBYS

by Anne Green

"When *bad* Americans *live,* they go to Paris." So Mrs. Selby thought, and cultivated the French instead. Suddenly her sprightly niece, Barbara, breezed in from Savannah! Then the fun began—and it doesn't end until the last page of this gay and witty story. "A better guide to Paris than Baedeker."—Howard Vincent O'Brien, *Literary Editor of the Chicago Evening Post* "A mirth-provoking surprise. Such writing is rare and thrice welcome."—*Philadelphia Enquirer. Fifth printing.* $2.50

STEPDAUGHTERS OF WAR

by Helen Zenna Smith

A woman's book—a woman's farewell to arms. John Haynes Holmes of the Community Church says, "I thought that 'All Quiet on the Western Front' was the last word in depicting the reality of war. But this tremendous book surpasses it. I have never read anything like it. The book leaves one shaken all over." *Now in its fifth large printing.* $2.50

DANDELION DAYS

by Henry Williamson

"An English Penrod." This haunting story of adolescence is graced with that tenderness, humor and feeling for nature that have won Mr. Williamson unstinted praise from such eminent critics as Arnold Bennett and John Galsworthy. "Written with an unusual beauty of diction, a deep understanding of nature and the human heart that place the author close to the top of those writing to-day."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger. Fourth printing.* $2.50

BALZAC: THE MAN AND THE LOVER

by Francis Gribble

He entertained only two passionate desires: to become famous and to love a woman. The world knows of the success of the first desire. The biographer shows us how he fared in his second. *Second printing.* $5.00

THE LIFE OF SOLOMON

by Edmond Fleg

An extraordinary biography, wrought from Hebrew lore into a legend of unusual beauty. "It will be difficult to find a book at once more delightful and more profitable for twentieth century reading."—George Saintsbury. $3.00

AMERICAN NATURISTS

by Henry Chester Tracy

Here are rarely beautiful sketches of America's naturists, Theodore Roosevelt, Carl Akeley, William Beebe and others. "I especially recommend it to all who have love for nature." —May Lamberton Becker in *The Saturday Review of Literature. Second printing.* $3.00

THE DEVIL

by Maurice Garcon and Jean Vinchon

An intimate, scholarly study of this lively rogue and engaging fellow. Edward Hope in the *New York Herald Tribune* says: "In a confident devil-may-care mood we invite those who see unusual diversion to go to *The Devil.*" *Second printing.* $3.50

EVERYBODY'S GREVILLE

Selected by Philip Morrell

Greville was one of the most indiscreet diarists who ever lived. His opinions of famous people and events from 1810 to 1860 are full, frank, and unusually entertaining. $6.00

TOUCHSTONE

by Ben Ames Williams

After twenty years Edith Caterson realized that her two boys were not twins. One was the son, the other the outcast —but which? Such is the problem of *Touchstone*—Mr. Williams' first new novel since *Splendor* and his greatest success. *Fourth printing.* $2.50

THROUGH BLOOD AND ICE

by Ferenc Imrey

"So gripping you're afraid to read the next page." So one enthusiastic critic described this seething mass of adventures, probably the most thrilling true adventure story since "Beasts, Men, and Gods." *Second printing.* $3.75

STREETS OF SHADOW

by Charles Barry

Master Montreal murderer maintains monster mastiffs! Sleuths seek source of sin in sewers of city! LaBoeuf lures lawyer to love nest! Here's a sinister mystery Victor Hugo might have written. *The Dutton Prize Mystery for April. Fourth printing.* $2.00

CONQUERING OUR GREAT AMERICAN PLAINS

by Stuart Henry

Here are cowboys, cattle thieves, clergymen, gamblers, women of the town and of the home in the war between virtue and vice on the frontier. *Illustrated with old photos and maps. Second printing.* $5.00

ESSAYS IN SATIRE

by Ronald Knox

"The humorist runs with the hare; the satirist hunts with the hound," says Mr. Knox in his preface to these witty lampoons, worthy of a place on your shelves between Pope and Max Beerbohm. $2.50

E. P. DUTTON & CO., INC., Publishers
300 Fourth Ave., New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED